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南無阿彌陀佛

The
Praises
of
Amida.

Buddhist Sermons

TRANSLATED

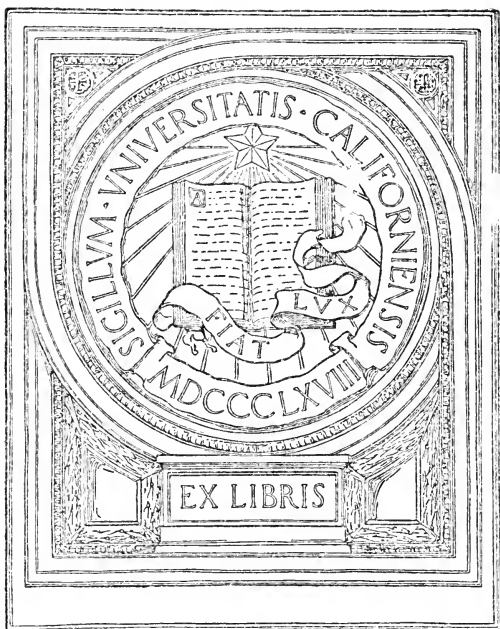
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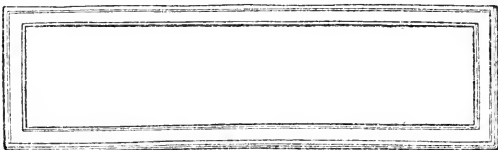
BY

REV. A. LLOYD, M.A.

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{First
April}

The Praises of Amida

SEVEN BUDDHIST SERMONS

TRANSLATED

FROM THE

JAPANESE

OF

TADA KANAI

BY

REV. ARTHUR LLOYD, M. A.

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FORMERLY FELLOW OF PETERHOUSE

CAMBRIDGE.

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TO VINI
AIRPORT LIAO

THE DEDICATION.

Take these, O Christ! I would not give Thy Praise
To others, Sole True Lord of Life and Light;
For Thine the Vow, that camest Sworn to do
Thy Father's Saving Will, Who loveth not
That sinners perish; Thine the Life of toil,
The world's sharp enmity and bitter scorn,
And all the Passion, long drawn-out, which closed
In the great pain of Thy most Holy Cross.
Perfect through Suffering, Thou didst gain for us
The Rest of Paradise, where now, enthroned
As King, Thou reign'st in bliss, and whence Thou call'st
Poor men to come to Thee, to Whom is given
A Name above all Names, O truest Lord
Of boundless Life and Love uncircumscribed,
Long years Thy Shadow, brooding o'er these Lands,
Hath told of Peace and Hope for sinful men;
Now turn the Shadow to Reality,
And bless us as we gather round Thy Feet,
Oh Amitābha-Christ, Sole Lord of All.

A LL.

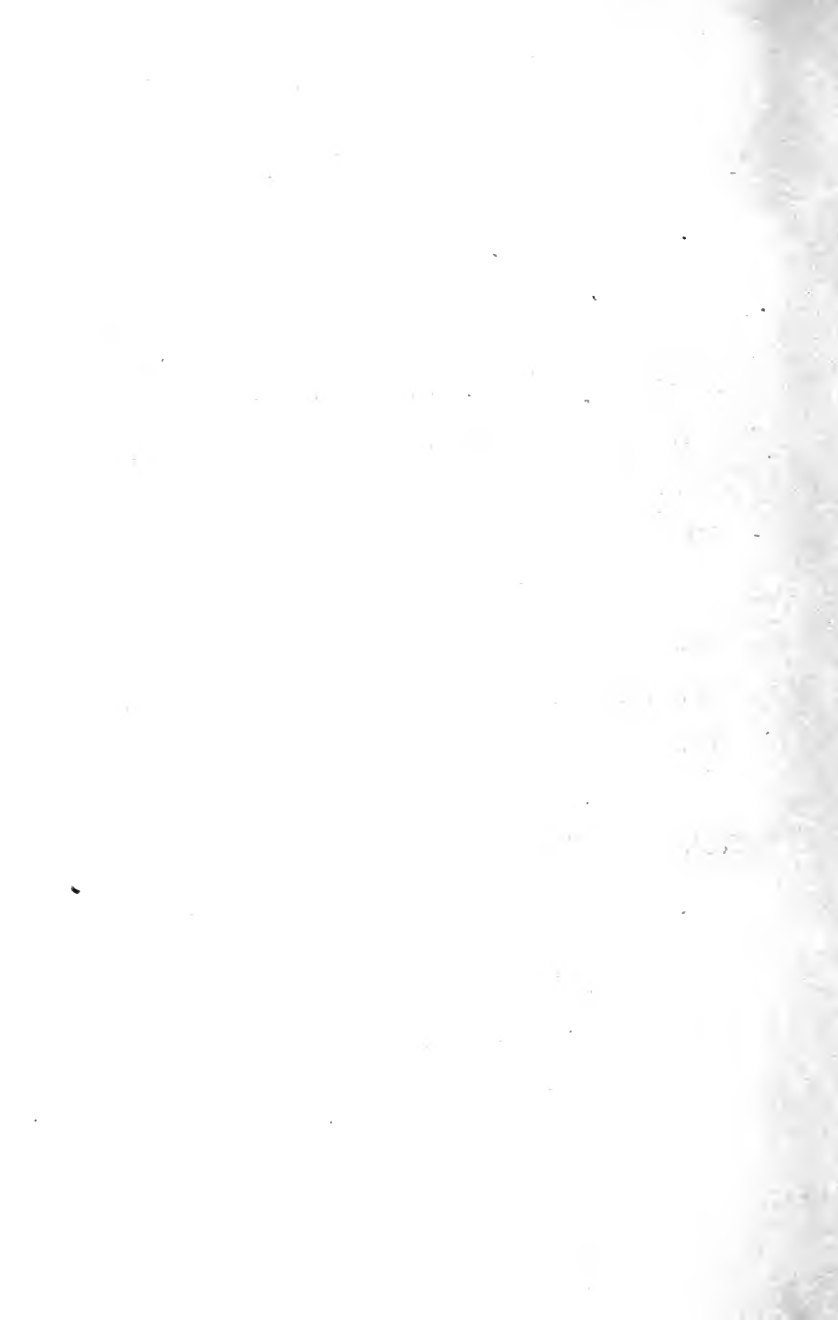
Tokyo, Easter-tide, 1907.

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INTRODUCTION.



AS I read my Translations of Rev. K. Tada's Sermons, I feel that they sound so very Christian in thought that a reader might almost be tempted to suppose that I had made them up for purposes of my own, and that they were not translations at all. The expenditure of a few *sen* on the original book (its name is *Shūdō Kōwa* 修道講話, and it is published by *Bunmeidō, Hongō Shichōme, Tōkyō*) will show any person acquainted with Japanese that my translation, though far from perfect, is in the main faithful, at least to the ideas of the original. The Sermons are written in a beautifully clear Japanese, and are quite worthy of being made subjects of linguistic study.

It will suffice, by way of introduction, if I say but a few words of the Buddhist Saviour in whose honour Mr. Tada has written. Of ancient royal descent, this Being, in the most remote Past, emptied Himself of the splendour

of His rank in order to lead a religious life. His own salvation had been completed, and He was on the brink of Nirvana, when He looked back and saw His suffering brethren, whom He was about to leave behind in the miseries of human life. For their sakes He turned back: He would not enter into His rest until He had worked out a salvation for all mankind, one which even the most ignorant and helpless could lay hold of and be saved, a large ship which should take all men safely across the tempestuous waves of life and death. It was not done without a struggle, but it was done; and when the Vow had been accomplished, and the last ordeal endured, Paradise had come into existence in the Pure Land beyond the Setting Sun. The King of that Land is Amida Who has "entered into His rest in Paradise." His "Name, through faith in His Name," is said to save those who believe on Him, and He comes both now and at the hour of death to those who call upon Him with a thankful heart.

A question of real significance, not merely to

the student of comparative religion, but, practically, to the Christian missionary, and to every one interested in the religious movement of to-day, is, Who is Amida? The points of resemblance between Amida and Christ are too striking to be passed over unnoticed, even by a casual reader. Can the two stories in any sense be said to have a common origin?

No attempt has ever been made to give Amida a historical embodiment, and it must be remembered that there are very many Buddhists, even in Japan, who place no trust in Him and His Paradise. I believe, however, that such an embodiment is possible, and I hope to show at some future date that the Amida legend is an Oriental adaptation of the Life of Christ. Amida is first mentioned, so it is said, in the writings of As'vaghosha, who flourished in the reign of the Indo-Scythian Sovereign Kanishka. Kanishka's date is sometimes assigned to the middle of the 1st century A.D.; but Dr. Bhandarkar* of Bombay gives extremely good reasons

* Trans. Bombay Branch R.A.S. vol. XX (1900).

for placing him in the latter half of the 3rd century. In either case, these was time for the Gospel to have reached India, before As'vaghosha wrote, and we know, as a matter of fact, that Christ was preached in that land at a very early date. The Indian Legend of Krishna (which may itself be an adaptation of the Life of Christ) has been found in a Buddhicised form, re-written to suit the creed of Buddhist readers,* and if one Buddhist writer edited Krishna in a Buddhist sense, why should not another writer have done the same for the Story of Christ? Such a thing might be done with the purest and best of motives.

When the Nestorian schism took place in the Christian Church, all the Bishops East of the Euphrates were cut off from Unity with the Churches of Western Asia and Europe. The followers of these men were afterwards known in China as Nestorians; but there had probably been Christian Missions in China long before

* Zeitschrift der deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft, vol. LIII p. 25.

Nestorian days, and it was not before the middle of the 4th century A.D. that the first sect of Amida worshippers pure and simple was formed in China. The first Christian to come to Japan was a Nestorian physician, named Rimi, who was highly honoured by the Imperial Court at Nara during the ninth century. Nestorianism is known in Japan as *Keikyō*; in China it was sometimes spoken of as the religion that came from *Tachin*, i.e. the Roman Empire, and the name *Taishinji*, found here and there as the title of some ancient temple in Japan, would seem to point to the fact that the remnants of Nestorianism had become gradually amalgamated with the predominant Buddhism. The history of Nestorianism seems to have been a history of the abandonment, one by one, of the bulwarks that surround that Inner Citadel of the Christian Faith, the Belief in God, the Creator, the Saviour, the Sanctifier.

But there are certain differences between Christianity and Amida-ism which must constantly be borne in mind. In our simple Christian creed

we are able to make a certain distinction between the articles of our Faith. Some of the propositions of the Apostles' Creed (for instance) are like the outlying forts of a beleaguered city, places which it is right to defend with all one's might, and yet not so vital to the safety of the Fortress that their capture by the enemy must involve the immediate surrender of the Citadel. We contend earnestly for the *whole* Faith as delivered to the Saints: in some cases, we try to repair breaches that have been made, to re-occupy positions from which we have been forced to retire, and to re-establish communications with batteries that have been cut off and isolated; but we know that there outworks are only of use so long as they guard the main and central Citadel. And in the Fortress of Christian Belief the main and central Citadel is the Faith in the Trinity,—in "God the Father, Who made me and all the world," in "God the Son, Who redeemed me and all mankind," and in "God the Holy Ghost, Who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God."

This is the inner Citadel of the Faith: the rest are outworks, intended to secure the main position,—outworks to be defended with all our might,—but outworks.

Into this inner Citadel of Our Faith Shinshu Amida-ism does not penetrate, in spite of the striking resemblances between Amida and Christ, and in spite of (as I believe it to be) the fact that the two are in their origin the same Person. For though Amida-ism speaks of a Saviour, whom it proclaims to be the Father of Mankind, nay, of all that live, Amida is not the Father, in the sense of being the Creator; and it is our glory as Christians to believe in God the “Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth,” and to maintain that, in Creation, God was absolutely unfettered by any pre-existent Matter, or by any Law, but only by the limitations (if such they may be called) of His own Infinite Wisdom and Goodness. It is here that Amida-ism falls short of the Highest Truth, and that in spite of the fact that, if it is true, as Christ said, that ‘He that hath seen me hath

seen the Father' it is also true that he that has caught but the glimpse of Christ that Amida-ism gives, has also caught a glimpse of the Father. When it has been demonstrated, as I hope it will be, that Amida is none other than that Person Whom we Christians worship as our Saviour-God, and for Whose reality we claim to have historical evidence, then Amida-ism will rise to the perfect Truth, and will gain in courage, in strength, in sweetness, in honesty, and in truth. It was not to destroy Amida that our Master was revealed: it was to give substance to the idea which he expresses, and it will some day be seen that the Gospels of Christianity are, in fact, the records of the Earthly Life of Amida Nyorai.

In the meantime, whether Christians or Buddhists, we will provoke one another to good works, to making the world in general, and Japan in particular, a purer, nobler, and in all ways a better place, and if we accomplish so much we shall not have laboured in vain.

A. LL.

The Praises of Amida.

I.

Salvation.

There is no rest in the three worlds. They are like a burning house. They are full of all manner of Confusion, Pain, and Suffering. Life and Old Age, Sickness, and Death, are ever in them, and these things burn like a fire which nothing can quench.

The Tathāgata has left the Conflagration of the Three Worlds, and is dwelling at peace in the tranquility of his Forest Abode (Paradise). "All the three Worlds," saith He, "are my possession. All the Living Beings that are in them are my Children. The World is full of much tribulation, but I, by Myself, will work out salvation."

HOKKEKYŌ.

i. Suppose I were staying at an Inn, and should turn to one of my fellow guests, and ask him where he came from and whither he was going, and suppose the man should reply that he had not the slightest idea, and could not tell. Should we not all hold up our hands at the folly of the man? And yet is it not an even more astonishing thought that we, the majority of the men that live in the world should be guilty of similar folly?

2. We read in the Holy Books that "the fool is so ignorant that he thinketh himself wise, and that he knoweth neither where he came from at birth, nor whither he will go after death." The text is not one to be applied to others, it applies to ourselves; for it is we ourselves that do not know with regard to ourselves, whence we came to take up our abode in this human life, nor whither we shall go after we have left this hostelry.

To be sure, we do know that our bodies came forth from our mother's wombs, and that they will be resolved into dust in the grave. But the body is not the self; and it is of this real self that we know not whence it came nor whither it goeth. The past through which we have come is dark, the future in front of us is dark too. And we, who live in this hostelry and enjoy its protection, know not when we shall leave it to plunge into the thick darkness of our further journey. Darkness is always the parent of fear: this darkness is standing waiting for us with jaws widely opened, ready to swal-

low us up. When we think of it our weak hearts fail us, and we tremble for terror.

3. It is not only about the past and the future that we are absolutely ignorant: we know nothing even of the present. Day by day we get up, we go to bed, we move about, we take our rest. And then we die. No one lives the same life over again, and we do not know why we live it at all. Some hold that the end of existence is happiness, others that it is progress. Can it, however, be said that there is such a thing as true happiness in the world? In the midst of joy we are overwhelmed with sorrow: behind pleasure you always find some lurking pain, and the shifting breezes of Impermanency, sweeping over this world, shrivel up the fair flowers of happiness, as the Morning Glory shrivels under the Rising Sun.

Or, perhaps, you will say that progress is the end of existence, and that its ultimate aim is something that is above us. When clouds drift over the sky, they really move neither backwards nor forwards. And we, whose Future is all

darkness, how can we have a definite aim before us, and how, lacking that aim, can we think of making progress towards a goal?

It follows, therefore, that happiness and progress are, both of them, empty expressions incapable of realization, and that we ourselves are vainly trying to realize things that cannot be realized. "Why is that? We cannot tell.

4. Again, you will sometimes find people who will tell you that it is impossible to discover the *raison d'être* of life by looking only at the individual self. The individual, they say, is a portion of the State or of Society, and apart from these he is nothing. If, however, we look upon the individual as a constituent member of the whole body, we shall see that the end which the individual must aim at is the happiness or the progress of the State or of Society.

A man born blind can know nothing of the word outside and cannot therefore become a leader of others. How is it possible then that the man, who does not know wherein lies his own happiness or advancement, can understand the

secrets of the welfare and progress of the State or of Society? Or how can the man, who has no aim or object for his own life, set before his country, or before society in general, a definite object after which to strive?

Or, again, can it be said that the life of a State or of Society, as contrasted with that of an individual, is eternal? Has the world ever seen a State that has lasted for ten thousand years? And cannot even the life of this Earth on which we dwell be summed up by a short row of figures? It will not be long ere things return to their primeval chaos in the course of mundane revolutions. Why then should we offer ourselves or sacrifice our lives for that which bears in it the seeds of decay? We cannot tell.

5. Seeing, then, that we do not understand the *raison d'être* even of the State or of Society, it follows that we cannot comprehend the meaning either of human life or of the Universe as a whole. Heaven stretches high above us: Earth is at our feet: the birds sing, the flowers bloom. But why? We cannot tell. We can only think

of them as the shadows of an obscure vision, which we cannot understand, and which will presently vanish. Husband, wife—these are but shadows in the vision. Parents, children,—these too, are but shadows. So are rank and fame, wealth and achievement. And we ourselves are but shadows moving through the vision in the midst of other shadows of similar hue, and knowing not when we shall vanish away. We are standing upon shadows, we know not when the shadows will shift and the vision be broken. “The laws governing motion and rest throughout the Universe are all phenomena significative of destruction and discontent.” How can we help the feeling of loneliness, fear, and pain? “The three worlds* have no rest: they are like a burning house.” And we are dwelling in the burning house of pain.

6. Yet, strange, to say, the majority of us forget that we dwell in a burning house, and give ourselves up to pleasure and enjoyment, as

* *i.e.* the material world, the world of form, and the absolute world which transcends human thought.

though there were no danger at all. But shut our eyes to the danger as we will, the fact remains that a house on fire is a house that is being burned; we cannot rest easily in it, and our life is always full of discontent. I, you everybody,—we are always desiring something that is outside of us and beyond our reach, and yet, when we get it, it is rarely quite what we thought it would be. And even when the realization meets our expectations, it is of no real use to us, for it is but a shadow in our Vision. Hence it comes that each one of us has his own cause of discontent, and is troubled by care, despondency, anger, hatred, or envy, that he cannot agree with others, nor avoid being distressed by bickerings and strife. Thus, though men shut their eyes to the fact that they live in a burning house, yet the pains of the conflagration make them writhe and quail. In spite of all this, we go on insisting that we are not in error: we flatter ourselves that things are right, we boast that our views are the Truth, and our doctrines the Way. Can we avoid the

sharp reproof of the Tathâgata,* who said that "the fool is so ignorant that he deems himself to be wise?"

7. It is quite true that the Three Worlds are full of pain, whether we like to think so or no. The pale, lightless, flames of suffering are at this moment around us on every side. From time to time we may, it is true, enjoy some transient feeling of pleasure, but it is the pleasure of an untrue vision, the precursor of fresh pain, and when it has vanished, nothing is left but the flames of suffering.

Furthermore, flame kindles flame, and the fire burns on for ever: suffering brings forth suffering, in endless succession. Yesterday was full of pain, so is to-day, so will be to-morrow. With cries of pain and tears we came into this

* I have frequently noticed a tendency amongst Shinshu writers to limit the word *Tathâgata* (Jap. *Nyorai*). Such writers use the expression *Shakuson* to denote Sakyamuni, whilst *Nyorai*, used absolutely, almost always refers to Amida, the Tathâgata *par excellence*, the Being greater than Sakyamuni. This is not absolutely the case, because one sometimes finds the term also used of Sakyamuni, but in this sermon *Nyorai* seems to be consistently used of Amida.

world, with the same we shall again go hence to meet the unknown sorrows of the life to come. This is true not only of ourselves: the same flames of suffering envelope our parents, our wives and children, our brothers and sisters, our friends and acquaintances. The whole human race stands surrounded by a conflagration of suffering and pain, the flames are quite near to us, they take hold of our sleeves, they touch our faces. We can hear around us the cries and groans of suffering humanity. How can we help seeking for some way of salvation. ?

8. At such a time, Learning and Philosophy, which are the Ways of the World, can give us no help, try as they may. For why? They are unable to go a single foot's length beyond the confines of this world. They are themselves in the midst of the conflagration, how can they save men from it? There are also many forms of religion which are able to give men no certain grounds of hope. For why? Some of them tell us, poor feeble men that dwell in the midst of Pain, to save ourselves from Pain by our own

inefficient efforts; and how can we, that are choked and blinded by the smoke and dust of the fire, find our own way out from the Flames of Suffering? Other forms of religion, again, exhort us to forsake our sins, and follow after virtue,—a thing, alas! beyond the power of most of us, seeing that we are exhausted by the sufferings which Error has brought in its train, and have no strength to leap over the surrounding wall of flame that envelopes the house. How can we of ourselves forsake our sins, follow after virtue, and break through the Flames of Suffering? It is impossible for us to put our trust in Learning or Philosophy, or even in the great majority of religious systems, and if we cannot find some more certain means of Salvation we must remain where we are,—hopelessly surrounded by the roaring flames of Suffering that has no end.

9. But what is that glad sound? It is the name of the Buddha of Endless Light and Life, to whom we ascribe all glory. Surrounded by the flames of Suffering, above, below, and on

every hand, we hear the Holy Name of the Buddha of Boundless Light and Life. Three thousand years in the past, three thousand years in the future, can make absolutely no difference to this Name. It has precisely the same virtue, whether in distant India or in near Japan. Nor is it a matter of three thousand years only, nor of India and Japan only. At all times, and in all places, it is the same. This One Name stands revealed in the midst of a world of Shadow and Vision, and it alone is neither Shadow nor Vision. It is revealed in the World, but it belongs not to this world. It is Light. It is the Way. It is Life. It is Power. This name alone has come down from Heaven, the Absolute and Invisible, to Earth, the Finite and the Visible. It alone is the rope which can draw us out from the burning fire of pain, and land us safely in a place of pure and eternal bliss.

10. Iron is iron, however much you polish it: but the ancients had a tale about the philosopher's stone which could change iron into

gold. The grove of *iran** has a poisonous smell, which exhales far and wide, and cannot be approached. Yet let but one bud of *sendan** open, and lo! the whole grove is filled with the sweetest odour. So runs the tale.

We are the iron. This world is the grove of *iran*. The Holy Name is the Philosopher's Stone, and the one bud of *sendan*. Let Visions be Visions; but when once we have put our trust in this Name, which is no Vision, then our hearts, which have hitherto only formed a part of a fleeting dream, enter into the realms of Reality, of True Light and Life. And when, with this changed heart, we take a wide view of the world, the world itself ceases to be a Vision, and comes to be a part of the Kingdom of Light and Life.

II. If there is a way of Salvation, we cannot doubt that there is also a Land where that Salvation can be fully realized and accomplished. That country we can see even now, in the Future. The Future which was once all darkness

* *Iran* and *Sendan* are the name of Indian plants

is now bright with a streak of light. Thanks to the rope of salvation which has been thrown to us, hope has come bubbling up in our hearts, and we have entered into a rest which is beyond description. This happiness can be obtained even now, at the present moment. The Present, which was once so full of dangers, is now secure from peril.

But Present and Future are impossible without a Past: and our Past, we can see, has been the staircase by which we have mounted to the happiness of the Present and the Future. The Past which once was so meaningless has now come to be full of most precious significance. In a word, this human life, and this whole Universe, have become transfigured with glory all through the merits of that One Name only.

12. And now we can for the first time begin to make true progress. "The Tathāgata has left the burning mansion of the world and has entered into rest in the peaceful abode of his forest home" (i.e., the Paradise which is our

true goal). This Tathâgata,* who has entered into the rest of his Paradise (for that is the true and literal meaning of the "Forest House"), we turn to Him and advance day by day in His foot-steps. This is, indeed, true progress in which there is no danger of falling back, and the happiness resulting from which can never change. It is a happiness which reaches into the future, which has no bounds, and is a true happiness. We can behold that true happiness, now, in the present.

13. Thus we see that there is now a line of light running through and threading together our lives, past, present, and future, which hitherto seemed to be but the confused visions of a dream. Our human life, which was but a waking dream, is one no longer: it is the gate which leads us to the precious Land of the Tathâgata. We ourselves, who were but a dream, are so no longer: we are the Saved, the Sons of Buddha. We stand at the gate of the Happy Land, which we have received as a gift more precious than our bodies, and we

* *i.e.* Amida.

labour henceforth only to show our gratitude for this great gift. If now our motive-power be gratitude, we must labour our utmost to show it, though we should perish in the attempt, though our country, or the world, should come to naught. The rainbow is a fleeting, perishing thing, yet it receives the light of the sun, and, receiving it, does its best to let it shine. So we, whose life may fail at any moment, have received the glory of the Divine Name, and, having received it, it becomes our duty, with thankful hearts, to labour that the glory may shine forth through us.

14. But again, this showing forth of gratitude, which is our duty, is not done by our own strength only. These lips which pronounce the Divine Name, these hands which laboriously perform our duty, are all parts of the body derived from our parents. We have a country which protects us, homes in which we have been brought up, we have wives and children, brothers and sisters, neighbours and friends,—all of whom stand

round and encourage us, and it is with their help that we are able to discharge this duty of ours.

But behold, these persons are no longer the shadows of a dream. They are now the valuable helpers that enable us to discharge this sacred duty of showing gratitude. Nor are they the only ones that do so. Our foes, hereditary and personal, who can tell how mightily they act as encouragements? Sakyamuni said that Devadatta was his religious teacher: my enemy has become my teacher. A few moments ago we were surrounded by pain, so we said: now we are surrounded by mercies. But a little while ago we were involved in shadows and dreams, now we are enveloped in light and glory. Human life has become a mass of mercy: the world an abode of brightness. Is not that a happy thing?

16. The teachings of Buddhism are extremely wide: the way of man, the laws of thought, all are comprised within it. But it contains nothing greater than the doctrine which admo-

nishes us, which draws our attention to our own miseries and those of human life, which cuts down to the root of Suffering, and places us mercifully in the Kingdom of Light. The Doctrine of the World either purposely refuses to see the miseries of human life, or tries to forget them, or else labours to suppress what it cannot forget. Buddhism is quite the reverse of that. It looks Suffering in the face, it understands it, it defends us from it, it is the Way by which we can cut Misery to the root and be rid of it. Men will try to say that they see no Suffering, they have to see it: they try to forget it, but it forces itself upon their notice: they try to suppress it, it comes constantly cropping up. But cut Misery at the root, and it cannot grow again: it can only wither and die. Sakya-muni was extremely sharp at cutting the roots of Misery and delivering men from it. And he has put the axe ready into our hands. That Axe is the One Sacred Name of our Salvation.

16. "A sharp sword truly is the Name of Amida." It is our glory to hold that sharp

sword now in our own hands. "It cutteth all the dark places of ignorance." "It cutteth off all the branches of suffering." The glory of this sword we spread through all the world: else shall we remain in the house that burneth for ever.

17. "The three worlds," said the Tathāgata of himself, "are all mine own, and all the men that are therein are my sons." Now He stands at the gate of the burning house, and calls to us: "Come ye out quickly."

"I alone will make salvation," saith He, and for our sakes hath He given us this One Vehicle of Salvation—the Blessed Name,—and hath delivered us from the Burning House. Let us not delay to follow this teaching and order ourselves in accordance with the meaning of the Sacred Name. Let us mount "the Vehicle of Grateful Trust," which may speedily bring us to that most blessed thing of all, the "Vehicle of the Law Observed."

II.

Idols and Religious Symbols.

“Thus spake Buddha to Fu-Ō: The Forest of *Iran* is in area ten *yojanas* square, and there is in it one plant only of *sendan*. The *sendan* being as yet only a root, and not having appeared above-ground, the whole forest of *iran* is foul and devoid of fragrancy, so that when the *iran* is in flower and puts forth fruit, all other plants and animals droop and die. But afterwards, when the *sendan* pushes up and grows into a bush, the air is filled with beauty, and all living creatures are renovated.

Then Buddha spake again to Fu-Ō: It is just the same when living creatures in the midst of life and death, think of the Buddha in their heart. If they meditate on Him well and without ceasing they will certainly come into His presence. If once they pass from death unto life, then will they put away from them all Evil and Sin and make perfect the Great Mercy. The Meditation on Buddha is like the plant of *sendan*, which puts new life into the whole forest of *iran*.

KWAM-BUTSU-SAM-MAI-KYŌ.

1. In the days before the Restoration of Meiji, when the whole country was bubbling over with talk about the “bringing back of the Mikado,” “the up-holding of the Shogunate,” and other kindred subjects, there was a *samurai*

* *Sendan* and *Iran* are the name of trees.

of Mito, Takeda Kōunsai by name, who conceived a great desire to serve his country by some distinguished deed of valour or act of wisdom, and who, for that purpose, collected a band of like-minded knights and set out for Kyōto. But the fear of the Tokugawa Government still lay heavy on the majority of the clans, and travelling from district to district was both dangerous and difficult, and so it came to pass that after making their way safely, through many perils, as far as Echizen, the little band was one day suddenly arrested, and forthwith clapped into prison.

2. At this the whole of the samurai were thrown into an agony of despair and indignation, their anger being especially furious when they thought of the unjust way in which had been arrested; and once they went so far in their fury as to seize the arm of the officer who was passing their food into the cell through a little window, and to maltreat it shamefully.

3. But I must tell you that in this band of wandering knights there was one, a mere lad

of some twelve or thirteen years of age, who, in spite of his youth, won golden opinions for himself by the quiet dignity of his behaviour and the practical wisdom of his sentiments, and who, while the others were uproarious and insubordinate, was always respectful and obedient to the prison authorities, who, in their turn, came to think very highly of him.

It was noticed after a while that the lad constantly carried with him two dolls. These dolls were at first supposed to be mere playthings,—toys utterly unworthy of a boy who aspired to be a knight-errant;—but such was far from being the case. The lad treated these dolls with the utmost reverence. In the morning, on rising from his bed, he would set them before him, reverently fold his hands, and greet them as though they were his real parents.

6. “Good morning, Father,” he would say, “Good morning, Mother.” When meal-time came, he would set them before his tray and again bow down to them with respectful reverence. “By your leave,” he would say to them,

"I will now take my dinner. I thank you for for what you have provided for me."

Never a night passed but he bade them sleep well, and took them to bed in his arms. This he did every day without change, until at last even his hard-hearted gaolers noticed that the dolls had something to do with the lad's constantly quiet and respectful demeanour, and took to treating his doll-playing (as they had at first deemed it to be) with sympathetic regard.

4. I am free to say that I was much struck when I first heard this story. Looked at from the point of view of ethics alone, the extreme reverence which this young lad had for his parents and the warmth of the affection which led him, even in prison, never to omit the proper expression of his regard for them, is for us of this generation, who are so constantly guilty of breaches of filial piety, a most excellent teaching and example. If we go a step further, and reflect on this incident from the point of view of religion, we shall find that it also contains doctrinal elements of the greatest value.

5. It was a saying among the Sages of old that the body was a prison. By this they meant that man, by reason of his body, was tied and bound with the chains of mean lusts, and that his heart, for the same reason, could never have free play for its affections and desires. This is a self-evident truth; if, however, we enlarge this thought, it is not merely the individual body of man, but the whole of human life* which is a prison,—and a prison, moreover, the bars of which it is impossible to break.

6. Why this should be is a point that can be verified from our experience. For consider. We are hedged in on all sides, within and without, so that we cannot always do what we

* This must be understood of course with reference to the doctrine of re-incarnations which is universally held by Buddhists. It is a difficult thing, they say, to be born a man. Once born as a man it is of course easy enough to fall back into one of the lower grades of sentient life. It requires a certain amount of merit to keep at the human level: to pass beyond it into the higher ranges of life can only be done by a very great effort. But, says the Amida-ist theologian, a man, *quâ* man, is in a position to receive the call of the Tathāgata, and then he can burst through the prison-walls of human life and rise to higher planes.

should like to do. Try as we will, we cannot alter the changes of the seasons: indeed, to come down from great things to small, we cannot make our friends do what we would have them do, we cannot force our brothers and sisters to fashion themselves to our tastes, nor guide our parents, wives, and children, to conform in all things to our ways. Nay, we cannot even absolutely control our own bodies or regulate our own hearts. We will say nothing about exercising influence over others; we cannot, with all our efforts, drag ourselves away from sin, or force ourselves into the paths of virtue: the perverse tendency of our human nature impels us to do the evil that we would not, and to leave undone the good that we fain would do. And this is not the only ill that flesh is heir to: birth, age, disease, and death, press upon all with an impartial severity which there is no mitigating and no avoiding. We may wear the red garb of the convict or not, it makes no difference: all alike receive the sentence of death. One day, without any warning, and without

chance of reprieve, this sentence will be executed upon us, and we shall stand helplessly there, riveted, as it were, with fetters of necessity, whilst our doom is fulfilled upon us.

7. "The word *cannot*," said Napoleon, "is only to be found in the dictionary of the fool." In the days when our experience was limited, we admired this sentence as containing a mighty truth. As we grew in wisdom and knowledge, we found that Napoleon himself ended his days a prisoner in St. Helena, whence escape was impossible, and so we learned that the word *cannot* is certainly to be found in the dictionary of the wise man as well as in that of the fool. We now know that this human life, which in our youth seemed to us a pleasure-park through which we might roam at will, is in reality nought but a prison-house, in which we find ourselves cribbed and confined, and from which we shall never escape till the sentence of death comes to set us free. We may say what we please about the justice or injustice of the proceedings which have brought us to

this place of confinement. We may chafe and fret as we will, but we cannot break through the prison gate nor climb over the encircling wall. What then are we to do?

8. Now we get the excellent lesson to be learned from the lad in Takeda Kōunsai's band of wandering knights. The lad was, as we have seen, in the company of a set of wrathful, shouting, impatient, bravoes, and received exactly the same treatment as they did. Young, however though he was, he was no partaker with them in their turbulent behaviour, but remained patiently in prison, possessing his soul. It was the dolls, the symbols of his absent parents, that enabled him thus meekly to bear his sufferings. The dolls helped him to keep his mind fixed on his parents, and whensoever he thought of them his heart broke through its prison-gates, and transported him to his distant home, and to the happiness of being at his father's and mother's side. In other words, the dolls were the flying-machine which carried his heart beyond the narrow bounds of the

prison cell. Just as the general, besieged in an isolated fortress, is able, by means of a balloon, to communicate with his friends outside, so, by means of the dolls, this lad was enabled to fly to his parents' side, to be warmed and comforted by their tender love, and to forget for a while the pains of the cheerless dungeon.

We men, living in the prison of human life, have likewise a need of similar dolls. We need "dolls" to act as flying machines to enable our hearts to soar to the place where dwells the true Father of us all, to the Presence of the *Hotoke*. In other words, we need to have some representation of the Tathāgata which can be apprehended by the senses. The lad of our story,—he was only a lad,—got his pleasure from the reverence he paid to the dolls which symbolized his earthly parents: and we,—poor prisoners, fretting and chafing in the dungeon of human life,—need as aids to our perfect comfort, ease, and spiritual strength, some symbolic representation of our true Father, the Tathāgata.

Now, where shall we get this symbol of the Tathāgata from? Shall we get an image or a picture to represent Him, and pay it reverence? We may. An image is a precious thing, and so is a picture; but we cannot always be worshipping them. Is there any symbol that we can always reverence, and if so, where? Yes, gentlemen, there is:—there is the Sacred Name to which we ascribe all honour. That is for us the true “doll,” the real image of our true worship.

9. Many people, who do not understand our beliefs, say that Buddhism is a despicable faith, because it recognizes the use of religious images, pictures, and symbols. That is but a shallow criticism, is it not? And yet there are some people who are afraid of this shallow criticism, and who try to deny the teachings of their faith, or to make excuses for it. But it is a great mistake to do so. It cannot be denied that Buddhism is what shallow critics would call “idolatrous.” That is just what it is, and it is one of the most excellent features of our

religion that it teaches and sanctions the use of sacred images. That lad in the prison in Echizen, with his images of his parents which none of the others had, how greatly he must have been comforted and cheered by their presence with him! It is precisely in the same way that we, in this world of confusion, which, whether we view it from without or from within, is a world of pain and sorrow, are cheered and comforted by visible representations of the Tathāgata who is the True Father of us all.

10. We need not trouble ourselves about the material used in making these images. Half-an inch of decayed wood, a sheet of old paper, a lump of clay, a block of metal,—anything will do so long as it is a symbolical representation, and prevents our forgetful hearts from becoming oblivious of the Tathāgata. Before these symbols we bow down, and in doing so our hearts are lifted up in thought to the Great Heart of the Tathāgata. No sooner is this done than our hearts, confined though they are within the prison of the body, break through the strong

prison-gates leap over the high dungeon-walls, and rise joyfully to the enjoyment of Happiness in the Buddha's land. If it were not for them, we might forget the Buddha as many a man forgets his parents when he has nothing to remind him of them. We should be like the turbulent, quarrelsome, vagrant-knights in the prison of Echizen: we should forget the Tathāgata, and remain hopelessly involved in the meshes of Suffering.

But some will say, "We have no images, yet we never forget the Tathāgata: our hearts can never forget him." Such men are exceptions: we ordinary beings, who are always falling into habits of forgetfulness, cannot possibly afford to do without the help of images and symbols. For they are, as I have already said, the flying machines which transport our hearts to the peaceful enjoyment of the Paradise of the Pure Land.

II. Images of gold, clay, or wood, and painted pictures,—we reverence them all alike as being all equally precious. We stand on the top of a

flight of moss-grown steps that lead to some venerable, half-ruined temple embowered in fallen leaves, and there comes over us an indescribable feeling of reverential awe which strikes our inmost hearts. This feeling comes to us from the sight, in the shrine, of some image or picture in which the artist has done his best to portray the figure and heart of the Tathāgata Who has saved us. It is, however, but an indirect, secondary, representation that we thus get, and a direct representation is far better than any symbolic portrait. And therefore we write the Holy Name to which we ascribe all Glory, and take it as a direct representation of the Being Whom we worship. We are, then, no longer concerned with the artist's conceptions about the Tathāgata: we have before us the Holy Name itself, the direct revelation of the character of Him in Whom we trust. In giving us His Name, the Tathāgata has given us a part of Himself, and that, as the Sage of Concord observes, is the truest of all gifts.

It is perfectly true. To give oneself, and not

anything that merely represents oneself, is the truest and best of all gifts. And the best way to give oneself is to give oneself *wholly* and not in part. When a shepherd gives one of the sheep that he has reared, he gives a part of himself: when the young girl makes a present of a handkerchief which she herself has embroidered, she is giving a part of herself. But when the Tathāgata revealed to us His Name, what He gave us was the Whole of Himself. The shepherd can go on living without his sheep, and the maiden can survive the loss of her handkerchief: but the Tathāgata cannot live without His Name, for It contains the whole of His Divine Heart, and the whole of His Boundless, Ineffable, Mercy. It was the Tathāgata's desire to give us Himself *wholly*, and for that purpose He revealed His Sacred Name, the revelation of His Divine Heart, and gave it to us. There can be no representation of the Tathāgata more direct than this, for Rennyō Shōnin spoke the truth when He said that a picture was better than an image, but that the Divine Name was

better than a picture. When we bow down before an image or a picture we have a dim and uncertain realization of the Tathāgata's Heart: the dimness is changed to bright certainty when we hear the Sacred Name and understand all that the Name implies. The Sacred Name is the True Image of the Tathāgata, the living photograph. Wherever we are we can worship it, and whenever we contemplate it we can see in it the movings of the Divine Heart. Nor is it the workmanship of some other human hand: it is the picture of Himself which He Himself has taken. Nay, it is not even a photograph: it is the Tathāgata Himself, it is His very Divine Heart. And when we hear the Name pronounced, it is the Tathāgata Himself who comes to us.

Hence, when we listen to the import of the Divine Name, and when we reverently bow ourselves before it, though our bodies may be confined within the prison-walls of human life, yet the Tathāgata's Mercy and His Spirit descend straight into our hearts, lighten the darkness

of our captive souls, take from our trembling minds the fear of impending doom, and deliver them from the dread anticipation of a torment which knows no end or cessation. "In the lowest depths of misery," says the Scripture, "if men have but a glimpse of the glory of this Name, their sorrows and pains shall all cease, and the joy of salvation shall be theirs." This happiness is within our reach, by virtue of this Name alone.

12. And now we have a solid reason for rejoicing in this prison-house of the human life. Let us think for a moment. How came that happiness to be ours? Was it not due to our coming into possession of the Divine Name which is the true Image of the Tathāgata? And why was this Divine Name communicated to us? And why do we yearn for it and pay it reverence? Has it not all come from the contrast to the feelings we had when we were conscious of being confined and tormented by the pains of human life, as in a prison-house? And if so, may we not consider that these very

pains of ours have been the motive cause which procured for us access to this great joy? If so, the prison-house is more than just a prison: it is a place full of meaning and import, it is the vestibule of Paradise. Much more, if we consider that whenever the Divine Name comes to us, it is the Coming of the Tathāgata Himself, then the Prison becomes changed to the immediate Presence of the Tathāgata. There is now therefore no reason why we should desire to leave our prison-house. When the friends of Socrates advised him to escape from the gaol at Athens, he declined to follow their counsel, but waited quietly for the execution of the death-sentence. In like manner, we can rest tranquilly in our wretched prison-house, and wait for the right moment when the Tathāgata shall come to summon us to our rest.

13. Two poor little dolls brought peace to the lad in the Echizen prison. One leaf of the *sendan*-flower can affect a whole grove of the poisonous *iran*-tree. The One Name of the Tathāgata can bring peace to us in the prison-

house of life. The lad paid worship and reverence morning and evening before his dolls: so likewise we, when we rise in the morning, when we lie down at night, when we eat and when we work, when we are in sorrow and when we are in joy, ever meditate on the Divine Name and never suffer it to be absent from us. The Name is to us the strength wherewith we conquer, and the sword wherewith we slay our foes.

14. Consider this. Two thousand four hundred years ago, in the ancient palace of Rajagriha in Central India, which was his prison, Sakyamuni revealed this name to Vaidehi the Queen, and saved her from her Sufferings. So likewise we, with this name committed to us, and worshipping it with devotion, immured though we are in our burning prison-house, desire with Vaidehi to feel the cool breezes of Salvation blowing pleasantly around us, and, together with all the Saved, to be entrusted with this Sacramental Symbol of Saving Grace.

15. The fires of the conflagration are all around us: but if our Father be with us, what shall we fear? And if the Tathāgata's Name be always in us, need we ever complain of loneliness or lack of courage?

III.

**The Voice of Amida Speaking to
the Heart.**

Hōjō,* having meditated for five Kalpas (aeons or ages) conceived the desire for the turning of the heart of the Children to their Father and of the Father to the Children, and when, as Amida, ten kalpas later, he manifested his Enlightenment, he created the power whereby the Father and his Children receive one another. Ever since then, in accordance with his gracious forty-eight-fold-vow† he has been calling for his lost children; but throughout the whole twenty-five forms of existence, there was no answer to his call. We may imagine how grieved must have been his Heart which thus yearned with affection over his children.

But now we have recollected the home from whence we came, and have begun to call upon the Name of our Father. Surely it must be a great joy to Him when he hears the cry of Namu Amida Butsu.

FUSHI SOGO.

* *Hōjō* is the name of Amida before he attained to perfection and received the Name above every Name. It means "the fulfiller of Righteousness." The fact that *five kalpas*, and the *ten kalpas* are mentioned shows that Hōjō cannot be intended to be historical. Fifteen million years is a long span for human life. But Buddhism loves to deal with immense numbers, in a meaningless fashion. The book *Fushi Sōgō* has never been translated into any European language and exists only in a Chinese Version. The title means "Father and Son sending for one another."

† For the details of Amida's Vow, see the valuable paper by Mr. J. Troup *On the Tenets of the Shinshū* in vol XIV of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

1. Nicholas II. Emperor of Russia, began his reign by inaugurating the International Peace Conference at the Hague, and then ended up by being the spark which kindled the war between Russia and Japan. The world formed its own conclusions on this glaring inconsistency, and severely criticized His Majesty as a hypocrite. I will not say that some of the recent (1905) criticisms were not deserved: only, when we allow ourselves to make criticisms of this kind, we must not forget that possibly the cap may fit our own heads also.

2. I get up early in the morning, open my window, and look out. The sky is one expanse of clear sapphire blue, without a cloud to be seen anywhere. The light of early day spreads along the horizon like a rain-bow beam against the purple sky, the whole world seems to be tranquilly resting, and a solemn feeling of peace broods over the whole scene. You would never think, at a first glance, that the wind could ever blow, or the rain-storms descend, on such a peaceful world. You could not imagine that, over

such a beautiful, peaceful, sky, thunder-clouds could ever roll and crash, or lightnings dart and play. And yet, in an instant of time, the weather will change, clouds will rise as it were from nothing, here one and there another, the sky becomes overcast before your very eyes, the storm growls on all sides, thunders roll and lightnings flash. The winds are like angry devils, the rain covers the road axle-deep in floods. An hour or two ago the world looked fresh and sweet, as though it had just come from the hands of its Maker: it now looks as the world will look on the eve of the Day of Mundane Destruction, when all its elements shall be for ever dissolved.

We are asked, whence came this terrible change over the face of the earth, and what shall we reply? We can but say that it came from the calm weather of a few hours ago, that the quiet peaceful sky, which we admired just now, held within itself the seeds of that terrible tempest which frightened us so much. We cannot guess at the underlying causes of the weather. Motion lies hidden in the womb of rest, confu-

sion lurks behind clearness, clouds are born from cloudless skies, hateful forms lie concealed in the beautiful expanse of the firmament. All things lie hidden in the womb of the Great Complex, and who knows when that which lies hidden shall not come forth?

3. There is a distinction between the Heart and Nature, yet we find one and the same law at work in both. When there is no special seed to produce Suffering, and when the blue sky of the Heart is clear and calm, we look at it with admiration, and ask if any where in the world we can find anything else that is so beautiful, and our hearts tell us that we cannot. The Heart loves peace, and meditates upon righteousness, the clouds of perverted thought cannot arise if they would,—at least that is our thought,—all is placid, and still, and translucent as a well-cut diamond. But it is not long ere the serpent that lurks in the waters comes to trouble the quiet pool: clouds of perverse thought steal suddenly over the heart, till, one by one, they have covered it all, and the man's

hand rising on the horizon has become a great overshadowing storm which blackens the whole heart till its beautiful nature is entirely lost to sight. In the meanwhile, the thunders of lust begin to roar, the lightnings of anger begin to play; envy, hatred, estrangement, violence, effeminacy, meanness, a quarrelsome disposition, a mind that hates justice,—all the blasts and tempests of perverse thoughts,—come bursting across our spiritual sky, Winds such as do not usually come from the bags of the Wind-God, rains such as are not ordinarily stored in the cisterns of our firmament, come sweeping over us. We see a man, and at once we despise him without reason, saying that the fellow is always like that, or the boastful feeling arises within us that at any rate we are not like him. It is hard to describe this disposition, some people use the word *jūga* for it, but that does not quite express the underlying idea. The idea includes the heart which is like a wolf, which is like a fox, a baboon, a wild dog, the heart that hates light like an owl, that loves filth like a maggot,

the heart that is crooked as a serpent, poisonous as a viper,—all these foul ideas come trooping together. The mind becomes like a dancing-floor of devils and evil spirits, and when their dance shall cease we cannot tell. We should like to stop their revels but we cannot: to restrain them, but they refuse to slacken their speed; and we learn then, by sad experience, that the pool of sin and wickedness is a bottomless one, that its dimensions defy measurement, and that, however proud we may be in our self-conceit, we are yet stupendously ignorant in our shallow views of things.

Nor where did this prodigious mass of sin and wickedness come from? We can only say that it came from that human heart of ours which but a short while ago was so clear and bright. We can no more foretell the changes of the weather than we can those of the heart. The heart which looks like a calm and placid pool, is in reality the abode of countless and terrible poisonous dragons that dwell beneath its surface: it expands itself like the bright

sapphire vault of Heaven, yet it is but the reservoir in which are stored the rains and winds of perverse thoughts. We cannot tell when the poisonous dragons will come to the surface, nor when the floodgates will be opened, and the reservoir discharge its foul contents. We say in Buddhism that a single thought contains in it all Laws and all Nature, and this is no mere verbiage. It is a weighty sentence, teaching us the true depths of the human heart.

4. It cannot therefore suffice to dismiss Nicholas II with contempt, as having been first the originator of the Peace Conference, and then the author of the War with Japan. At the time when he issued invitations to the Hague Conference, the demon, which afterwards drove him to make a declaration of war, was lying low, hidden at the bottom of his heart. Conversely, when he became the instigator of the Russo-Japanese conflict, the light which had turned his mind to peace, was similarly concealed in the same place. Hence, if Nicholas II was a dissembler when, in the first case, he advocated

peace, he was equally a dissembler in the latter case, when he instigated war; for in neither case did he lay bare the whole of his heart in all its depths. But if we make allowances for him in the first case, should we not equally make allowances in the second?

Nay, rather, are not we ourselves guilty of the same sin of dissembling? For the moment, it may be, the sky is clear,—that is, heart, mouth, and body may all be righteous and pure. But the germ of all evil lies within us, and so weak are we that we cannot tell when the evil will break out, nor what form it will take. Nay, if we look back on ourselves, we shall see that sin is not only a possibility but an actuality, and that in some degree at least we have been guilty of all sins. Why, then, should we be so proudly contemptuous of Nicholas II?

We call him a liar. Could we live without telling a lie,—once a month, say, or once a fortnight,...or even once a day? We call him a hypocrite. Are *we* never double-faced ourselves,—dissemblers with many faces? The

Sadducees and Pharisees were not the only brood of vipers. We ourselves are,—let the truth be spoken,—the generation of vipers, the serpent's brood.

Therefore we cannot but recognize the fact that we cannot rely upon ourselves, at any time, to say nothing of our being unreliable when the storms of evil thoughts are harrassing us. But even when the sky of our mind is, as it were, entirely clear and perfectly cloudless, we can not depend upon ourselves in the least degree. There are some people who, trusting to their own intellect, declare that they are trying to cultivate their own moral natures ; others give out that they are courageously struggling for the advancement of their spiritual nature, basing their work upon their own virtue. But they forget the fact that a dark shadow is always lurking in the corner of our intellect, however clear it may be. They are unaware that the seed of corruption is conceived in the womb of our moral nature, however pure and unspotted it may be. There is no absolute purity in this

world, nor is there absolute light. For in purity, and at the bottom of light, lies hidden some darkness. These two are constantly struggling, one against the other: there is no end of the strife. Humanity is the fencing ground of opposing rivals. Sometimes the one party wins, but at others the adversary gains the upper hand. The opposing principles turn round and round like a wheeling lantern. How can we rely upon such a fallacy, and set our minds at peace?

6. If this is the case when our minds are pure and enlightened, how can we rely upon them when they are in fact as muddy as the stream of a river in May, or as cloudy as the sky in the same month? To-day, especially, we are growing more muddy and cloudy, so much so that we can hardly manage our own personal affairs. All over the country the war is causing a great deal of noise, tears of sorrow are mixed with the songs of triumph. How can we get the Great Peace, if we are relying upon these selves of ours, and upon this humanity? We must look

for something above ourselves which we can rest in. The storm of sin is blowing great blasts against us. The rain of delusion is falling fiercely. The darkness of doubt is growing thicker. Where can we find a refuge such as we have seen we need?

7. And then, what happiness it is for us, at such times, to hear the Sacred Name of the Tathāgata, *Namu Amida Butsu!* It is the Name of the Hotoke which we have heard from our childhood, and yet we have perhaps never known its meaning. If we are to accept the teachings and explanations of teachers of olden times, this Name is something more than a mere name. The word *Namu*, we are told, contains an invitation to "believe" and to "trust": *Amida*, which implies Boundless Life and Light, contains the notions of Direction, Help, Salvation. Put these meanings together, and you will see that the Name implies that we must put our confidence in It, as It reveals to us the Boundless Life and the Promise of the Tathāgata Who desires to save us. As Zēndō Daishi has well

remarked, the Sacred Name is as it were an invitation bidding us come straight to Amida with a simple heart, for that He will protect us. The Sacred Formula is, therefore, something more than just the Name of the Tathāgata: it is His Voice calling to us. The Tathāgata saw that we could find no haven of rest, and that we were constantly beset by the storms of sin and evil, and, thanks be to His Mercy, He has given us His Name and His Call to save us. What an inexpressible happiness this is for us! Here we find nothing but persons that vex us and things that give us pain: if then, in the whole Universe, and more especially in that Afterworld to which we must all soon go, there were no Voice to speak to us, how black it would all be! And how joyful it all becomes, when we hear the Voice bidding us fear nothing, for that He sees us. It is not, moreover, as though, in calling us, He bade us do some impossible task or fulfil some impossible conditions. On the contrary, He has had regard to our weakness and has imposed on us no conditions. "Trust me," He

says, "Only come, and I will protect you." How can we help following that gracious Voice, when once we understand its loving import? We follow it once, and lo! we find that we have gained a place of refuge, and an aim for our spiritual life. Our feet stand on a firm foundation of rock: how can we help being conscious of a great feeling of restfulness?

8. When the Voice makes itself heard, the winds do not at once cease, nor the rain clear off, nor does the black sky forthwith become bright again. The darkness lingers on for a little longer, and the wind and rain still vex us as they did before. Our eyes, moreover, are still holden, and we cannot see nor worship the Form of Him from Whom the Voice came, much less behold the Country wherein He dwells. All we can do is to hear His Voice, and hearing it, our hearts are at peace, and we can make progress.

It is not for us, poor creatures, to behold the Form of the Tathāgata, nor the Paradise He has prepared: and, precisely for that reason, He in-

vites us by means of His Name, which is something that can we see and know. We have, therefore, everything that we want in the Sacred Name. It is the Voice of Our Father: it is the Invitation wherewith the Tathāgata summons us, and our warrant for coming into His Presence. It is the condition upon which He is willing to save us. We hold the warrant in our hands, we have fulfilled the conditions, why do we hesitate to go forward? Sin, evil, and lust, may for the present rule us with rods of iron, but we know that it will not be long ere the rods are broken, and so we make no complaint. We have nothing to do but simply to put our trust in the Sacred Name and go right forward; for the Sacred Name is the one direct path leading us to the Bright Land where Our Father is waiting for us. The path is a broad one, all the roads that might lead us back to Suffering have been closed by the Mercy of the Tathāgata, and moreover the divine Strength of His Love is over us to guide us, so that we cannot fail to reach the Holy Country. We

have the words of the Great Sūtra* for this. "There is a cross-wise cutting of the paths of evil, which are spontaneously closed against us; when we enter the Way there remains no obstacle before us. Though the travellers be few in number, yet the Pure Land never fails. It draws us to itself spontaneously." Though all creation should desert the Buddha, Buddha will never forsake His own, though but few walk along the Way, yet the Pure Land will never fail them. When once a man has set his foot on that road, his salvation will work itself out spontaneously, and the Buddha will draw him unto Himself. All things work themselves out for us spontaneously, — the Road, the Divine Strength, the closing of the Paths of Evil, the guiding of our footsteps to the Gates of Light.

9. In days of old we were told of persons who forsook Buddhism, on the ground that, in spite of its thousands of Precepts, it taught that there were defiled hearts as well as pure ones,

* The *Great Sūtra* (Dai Kyō) is the name given to the Greater Sukhāvati Vyūha.

and they feared, therefore, that just as a pure body might come from a defiled one, so contrariwise a defiled body might also come from a pure one. We may certainly be free from this fear. For even supposing that in ourselves there is a defiled heart or a pure one, yet we put our trust in neither of these: our whole trust has been placed in that which is higher than our hearts, whether defiled or pure,—that is in the Sacred Name. The waves of sin and evil may rage as they will in our defiled hearts: we fear them not, for we trust only in the Name of the Tathāgata. The clear sunshine of purity may be spread abroad in the cloudless firmament of our hearts. It will not lull us to a false security; for our sole ground of confidence is the Mighty Name of the Tathāgata. Be the weather fair or foul, those who have once embarked on the ship are free from anxiety; so likewise, be our hearts fair or foul, let us sail straight on to our destination, trusting to the Divine Name, and being guided and protected by it.

10. The gales of mistrust and unbelief are

raging to-day in the world; for the majority of men are ignorant of the Sacred Name, and treat it with contumely. We, on the contrary, foolish and faulty though we are, contrive to pass through these storms with the help of the divine Name,—and, pray, how is it that so great a happiness has fallen to our lot? “Often does the heart of belief arise within us, and we rejoice from afar in our distant home of rest.” Truly we cannot avoid a feeling of the deepest gratitude when we think of the great mercies vouchsafed to us. A woman will adorn her body to please her lover: a samurai will sacrifice his life for his friend; shall we not take these bodies of ours and consecrate them to the service of the Divine Name? The Divine Name has given us life and an abundance of all good things. Shall we not make an offering in return of all our good things to the Service of the Divine Name? This will be acting as good disciples, as true followers of Buddhism.

IV.

The True Heart.

[The underlying thought of this sermon, which is founded on two texts, taken, the one from the *YuigwaKjō*, and the other from a later Japanese book named *Sanzengi*, is the same as in the following poem by the late Miss Havergal.]

UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

On the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.
Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves, from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.
Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

II.

On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold, and, blue.

Under the surface, life in death,
 Shiny tangle and oozy moans,
 Creeping things with watery breath,
 Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
 A crystal couch for the moon-beam's rest,
 Starry ripples along the beach,
 Sunset songs from the breezy west.
 Under the surface, glooms and fears,
 Treacherous currents, swift and strong,
 Deafening rush in drowning ears,—
 Have ye rightly read my song?

- (a) A flattering heart is at enmity with the Way. It behoves us, therefore, to cultivate uprightness of heart. Know this also that a flattering heart is the parent of mistrust. He that entereth Religion must lay it aside. Therefore do ye make an honest heart the basis of your lives.

YUIGWAKYŌ.

- (b) Be ye careful not to make a display of exalted virtue, for deceit lurks in all such display, and produces covetousness, deceit, and impure thought, which multiplies a hundred-fold. Truly, it is like the venomous serpent: it produces the threefold workings, yet is it rightly called poisoned righteousness, deceitful activity. It cannot be called a true working.

SAN-ZEN-GI.

I. I once read a story written by an American novelist, the hero of which was a young Christian preacher who enjoyed a great reputation for holiness among his fellow-believers,

This man had in times past been guilty of impure relations with a young lady, the memory of which so tormented his conscience that he could not never obtain for himself that Peace of which he preached to others. His congregation, however, knew nothing of this, and thought so highly of their minister's piety and learning that they almost worshipped him as though he were Christ come again in the flesh. All this was a great source of trouble to him, and the more he saw himself honoured by his flock, the more acute became his distress, until at last he could bear his grief no longer, but made an open confession of his guilt to his assembled parishioners and died of a broken heart.

2. The first time I read this story I was rather puzzled by it. The man was a scholar and a theologian, and, though there was nothing strange about his being troubled in conscience, I felt that he ought to have known that Jesus in Whom he believed had promised forgiveness of sins, "not seven times only but unto seventy times seven;" and I could not, therefore, under-

stand why he should not have trusted to Christ's Mercy to pardon his sin, grievous though it undoubtedly was, now that he had come to Him with heartfelt contrition and open confession. Nor was there any reason why he should have troubled himself about his worldly reputation; for when a man enters the paths of religion he leaves these things behind him, and there is no question about his having been a good man or a bad one in the past. I could not understand, therefore, why he should have despaired, or given way to remorse and shame.

3. On second thoughts, however, I saw that it was not quite so strange; for the true cause of his sorrow flashed across me, and I realized that his pain all came from the deceitful heart within him. Deep down in his inmost soul, he felt the shame of the sin he had committed, and it was an unbearable thought that he, with such a load of guilt on his conscience, should enjoy such a reputation for sanctity among the members of his flock. But for a long time he lacked the courage to break down, and destroy his

false reputation. His resolution failed him, time and time again, for in his heart there still lurked the desire to preserve his false glory. And so, on the one hand, he was conscious of being a sinner, whilst, on the other, he was anxious to retain the reputation of a saint. This is what I mean by saying that his heart was deceitful: and it was this deceitful heart that was the cause of his intolerable unrest.

4. What I have said does not apply only to the case of this young Minister: it is equally applicable to us all. Human life is full of Suffering and Unrest, of which there may be many immediate causes, but which can almost always be ultimately traced to the one principal cause, the Lying Heart. Falsehood is the foundation of evil, and it produces duplicity. A bad man pretends to be good, an ugly woman tries to look pretty, a lustful person puts on the airs of a prudish man: there is duplicity in them all, and where there is duplicity there is no inward peace. The tranquillity of the heart is disturbed, and continual strife ensues.

5. We need not look far for illustrations of this. When a poor man lives as a poor man, he is free from care ; but he is often not satisfied unless he is reputed to be rich. He will borrow money to buy himself fine clothes, and will stoop to all sorts of meanness in order to live in a grand house. A man whose knowledge is limited may get on very well, so long as he does not pretend to be wiser than he actually is ; but let him once go beyond the narrow limits of his knowledge, and he will bring himself into all manner of difficulties ; for even if he avoid actual difficulties, he will certainly disturb his own peace of mind. Sometimes, too, when a man has brought himself into trouble, he might, by an open confession of his error, get himself out of his entanglement, with comparatively little inconvenience either to himself or his friends. But no: he puts on a brave face, and keeps the mischief to himself, till he ends by bringing no end of trouble on himself and others. Or else, he finds his efforts at concealment have been like the struggles of a flea that buries its head

to conceal its body, and he awakes one day to find himself the laughing-stock of his neighbours. I think that all my hearers have had some experience of such cases in their daily lives.

6. These things may be but trifles ; but when sin is added to sin, the suffering gradually increases, and the load of care grows heavier, until the man is at last overwhelmed with a restlessness and fear that he can no longer conceal. The young pastor in the American novel was an example of this. Another instance that comes to my mind is *Jean Valjean* in *Les Miserables*, who could find no peace after he had escaped from prison. A few years ago, a prisoner escaped from a House of Correction in Hokkaido, and having done so, found that he could not get a moment's peace, so great was his fear of being taken and sentenced to another term of punishment. When the breeze rustled in the trees, he thought it was a detective on his track, the sound of dropping water filled him with apprehensions of a policeman on the watch, the bark

of a dog set him trembling, the shadow of a man gave him the shudders. The thing at last got so much on his nerves that, with a spirit broken by fear, he concluded that prison was the right place for him, and quietly returned to give himself up to the authorities. This is a case in point. The man had been putting a fictitious value on himself, and had considered that he was a good man unjustly treated. And so he ran away. Presently his conscience showed him what was his real value, and then he went back to prison, and found peace.

7. There is another form of deceit which is the exact opposite of the "fictitious value" to which I have just alluded. It is when a man tries to make himself out worse than he really is. For instance, a man knows that he is really a good man, but he shows himself off to others in a bad light: he knows that he is upright, but puts on the airs of a cunning knave: he is conscious of possessing a loveable character, but does his best to disguise it. A lie of this sort is not condemned by the world: on

the contrary, the world praises it as a form of modesty, as a grace that becomes a man. But there is no grace in it, and no modesty. Modesty lies in the true acknowledgement of sin when it exists, and of virtue when it is found, and this form of lying, which itself partakes of the nature of sin, cannot possibly be a grace. Nay, if we could look right into the heart of the man who puts on this outward show of mock-modesty, we should find it full of arrogance and pride, and actuated by self-seeking motives. The heart of the mock-modest man is never clear and bright as a cloudless sky: there is always something that he is holding back, some "hidden root of bitterness" laid up within. It is true that the Suffering caused by this mock-modesty is not so conspicuous as that caused by the deceit of which I spoke before. There is always something of dimness and uncertainty about it; but, for that very reason, it is more difficult to do away: the Suffering which it causes always lies deep down in the hidden recesses of the heart,

and is the secret cause of constant distress. Any one who has had practical experience of religious or ethical work will bear me out from his own knowledge.

8. Deceit, then, whether it take the form of a fictitiously high estimation of oneself or the reverse, is the seed that produces an ill crop of Suffering. And we, if we would escape from Suffering and gain peace of mind, must rid ourselves of this self-deceit by all means in our power. It is above all things necessary that we possess an honest and upright heart.

9. This honest and upright heart is the key that unlocks the Gate of Peace. It is the Well within us from which flows rest to the soul, and it is through this honest and upright heart only that we can enter into the Contented Life. But let there be no misunderstanding about this. When we speak of honesty and uprightness, we do not mean that the bad man is to turn into a good man, or the unloveable character into a man of good report. The honesty and uprightness of

which we are speaking is something quite different: we mean by it the opposite of falsehood, the unvarnished truth, the thing as it is. The good man shows himself to the world as the good man, the bad man as the bad man,—just as he is,—that is what we mean by honesty and uprightiness. Let every man show himself in his true colours, whether they be fair, or whether they be foul,—that is honesty and uprightiness. It is the nature of snow to be white, of charcoal to be black: let each be true to its nature, and then there is honesty and uprightiness. When the heart is like that, there is no duplicity or discord: there is harmony, there is clearness, there is an absence of confusion and noise, and, therefore, of pain and restlessness. We can walk on in peace and spiritual tranquillity.

10. This is what the American novelist had in mind. The young Minister of whom he wrote knew quite well that he would incur the contempt of his congregation; but in the end he made up his mind to face the ordeal and

put himself before them in his true colours, as a sinful man, as a religious humbug, without concealment, and without glossing things over. A convict in a prison at Zeze, in Gōshiū, once said to the chaplain: "So long as I was in the world outside, I could never get a moment's peace, nor enjoy a single night of quiet rest. Since I have been here, I have always slept peacefully." This is again a case in point. As long as this man was in the world outside, he was sailing under false colours, and pretending to be an honest man, and it was no wonder that he could not rest. In prison, he stood before men in his right colours, as a convict, without concealment or disguise, and so he gained peace of mind.

Peace of mind, therefore, has, as we see, no connection with pride of birth or station, with reputation or wealth, with life or death, with the outside world, or the body of flesh; it depends entirely on the presence or absence of falsehood. Be our station never so lowly, our rank never so mean, let our names be branded

as criminals or rogues, let poverty or death stare us in the face,—so long as our inmost heart is free from falsehood, so long shall we be at peace. When this peace is attained the Gate of True Religion opens to us.

11. When we go out of town on a snowy day we are struck by the peaceful solemnity of the ancient trees among the white mountains. Why is this? Need I say that it is because the mountains and trees are so absolutely devoid of all adornments and adventitious aids to beauty? They have cast aside the leaves, green and red, which they put on in Spring, and wore right through to the end of Autumn, and now they stand there openly revealed before us. And when we have torn off the gaudy trickeries of deceit, and cast aside all its embellishments, the true heart within us raises its head and comes to the surface, and we can then, for the first time, put our foot inside the Gate of True Religion. The bare winter of self-revelment must precede the spring-time of spiritual life.

12. Religion does not, therefore, ask whether

we are good or bad. The saintliest of men come to it, but so do also the profligates; the sages of austere life come, and so do the careless and the prodigal. Scholars and thieves, gentlemen and beggars,—all alike come. Men come to it, as men, women, as women: the soldier comes with his sword girt on him, the herdsman with his herds driven before him,—all alike come to the Gate of Religion. No notice is taken of worldly distinctions: all that is asked is whether we are honest or the reverse. No man that has a lie about him, of any sort or kind, may enter into religion: for religion is the country where none may dwell but those who are free from lies. And over its Entrance-Gate are carved the two words, "Honesty and Uprightness."

13. The first requisite therefore for entering upon religion is to ascertain one's own worth. If your self-examination reveals to you that you are a man capable of work and free from sin, so much the better. Go forward, as a righteous man, capable of action, and work out your own

salvation bravely and thoroughly. There is absolutely no need for you to hesitate on the ground of your sinfulness or incompetency. The Gate of Self-Help should open for a man like you. Or again, if you examine your own heart, and find yourself to be neither a good man, nor one capable of exertion, you had better not try to conceal the fact, you had better make an open avowal of your wickedness and incompetency. For a man like you there is always the Gate of "Salvation-through-the-help-of-Another." But if, knowing yourself to be weak and sinful, you make a false estimation of your own powers, and try to save yourself by your own exertions, as though you had the strength and virtue to do so, you may be sure that you will never succeed. You will see, therefore, that he that would save his soul must before all things make a correct estimate of his own powers.

14. And now, which of these two alternatives shall we choose? Shall we look upon ourselves as being capable of the exertion

required to work out our salvation for ourselves, or as possessed of the requisite virtue for doing so? Surely we cannot do that. We believe that we ought to place implicit confidence in our parents, yet there are times when we have to mistrust them. We try to live on brotherly terms with our brothers and sisters, yet there are times when we quarrel with them. We believe that we ought to be kind to our wives, yet there are moments when we are at variance with them. We know that we ought to respect our teachers and friends, yet we mock and despise them at times. Our tongues talk loudly of patriotism, yet there is very little of it in our hearts. We use our pens to write articles about human kindness, but there is not much of it in our actions. When we think of these things in our secret chambers, we are horrified at our own behaviour, and make resolutions of amendment,—and break them. How can we, knowing what we are, esteem ourselves to be good, or capable of working out our own salvation? It is not pleasant

to have to call ourselves ignorant persons and sinners, but for the present those are the names that we must take. For, sad to say, there is within us a still worse heart of deceit. We are quite aware that we ought to reckon ourselves in the crowd of sinners, but our great aim and endeavour is to appear to be good men: we are fully alive to the ignorance within us, but we want to make a show of being wise; and so long as we have such a mind in us, how can we cast off Wickedness and Folly, and advance along the road of Honesty and Uprightness? It is this spirit of deceit that makes us dissemblers in learning, in conduct, in virtue, and by so doing troubles our hearts, and robs us, even when asleep, of our pleasant dreams.

15. But carry your thoughts one step further, and you will see that the consciousness that you have arrived at, of your own folly and sinfulness, brings other conclusions in its train. When you can see dust flying about in a room. it means that a ray of light has entered it. We were once ignorant of our sin, we are now

aware of it; we did not know our folly, we now see it clearly. It is because a light from without has entered our hearts, and enlightened our minds. The Great Mercy of the Tathāgata has looked upon us : the Tathāgata has enlightened us with His Boundless Light and caused it to come over us ; and where His Light is, there He is Himself,

When we thus stand in the presence of the Tathāgata, we are absolutely naked before Him. It is of no use for us to trick ourselves out with specious adornment, and try to deceive Him : He cannot be thus deceived. All we can do is to take ourselves at our real worth and without dissimulation of any kind, "just as we are," as sinners, as wicked men, as ignorant and foolish, and, taking our stand on that confession of an upright heart, to claim the great Mercy of the Tathāgata, as it is held up before our eyes in the Great Name which he has made His own. In the light of that Mercy shining on an upright heart we may see reflected our own Nature and that of the Tathāgata

Himself, and we come at once into the possession of the Promised Land; for we are told in the Great Sūtra that "an honest and upright heart is the Paradise of the Bodhisatva."

V.

Present Duties.

“Our daily conduct should show forth day by day our gratitude! Truth never makes light of daily conduct. To waste no thought on oneself is the right principle of daily conduct.”

SHUNYŌGI.

1. When Tenryu no Gazan was just five years old he entered the Roku-In Temple, and became a pupil of the priest Gidō. “Where is your home?” asked Gidō of the lad on first meeting him. “I have forgotten, Sir,” was the reply, and the old priest laughed for sheer joy at the sage answer he received. The rest of the company failed to understand why Gidō should laugh, and yet, in truth, all, had they known it, had reason to laugh with joy at the sageness of the lad’s reply.

2. I think we may say that one of the principal reasons why we cannot be contented with our lot, and spend our days free from anxiety, is that we cannot forget our home. For instance, a man leaves home on a journey,

but his mind always keeps reverting to home and its interests. "I wonder," he says, to himself, "if every thing is going on well at home. Are the people at home doing as I bade them?" Or, "Dear me! I forgot to leave a message for So and So. What a nuisance!" Or, "I ought not to have left such and such directions. It was very foolish of me. I wish I had not done so." And so the man's anxieties and troubles accompany him wherever he goes: he cannot banish them from his mind, and the consequence is that he gets no benefit from his trip, whether it be to the beautiful shores of Suma or Akashi, or to the Temples of Nara or Kyoto. And he loses not only his enjoyment. His mind is worried and wearied by his anxieties, his sleep is broken, and the next day he cannot continue his journey. His whole trip becomes but labour lost, and he comes back from his holiday more fagged than when he set out. And all because he could not forget his home. Home-sickness is a miserable thing: those who suffer from it had better never leave home at all,

or else they will have but a very poor time on their travels. When we go a-travelling we should leave our home-cares at home, we should forget the things that are behind. Let home take care of itself: it is our wisdom to take every day's enjoyment and trouble as they come, and to go on our journeys with tranquil hearts. In Tolstoi's story of the Two Pilgrims, the one who went everywhere with a worrying anxious heart, and got no enjoyment out of his adventures, was not nearly so wise a man as his companion who was pleased with whatever befel him, and went on his way singing happy songs of cheerfulness.

3. These remarks apply to the ordinary travellers on mundane journeys: but they may be equally well applied to the spiritual pilgrimage that we are called upon to make. Years and years ago there lived a man of some fifty years of age, who, for forty-nine years, had known nothing but sin. At fifty, this man made the discovery that whenever he looked back upon his past it was filled with wickedness, and the

thought so terrified him that even in a remote cave he would be seized with a desire to rush out into the air, and when he fancied himself alone his face would stream with cold sweat, in thinking of his buried past. His whole life seemed to be filled with nothing but innumerable acts of injustice and wrong done against his teachers, his friends, his parents, and his near kinsmen.

The path along which we have come to our present position, whatever it may be, is possibly exactly the same road which this bad man had trodden: and the starting-point of his journey was the place which we call our home, our true native place. That home* was a poor place, and we did not like it. So we left it, and now we are well advanced on our journey to a better place. We have, of course, many fellow-travellers. Some of them are already on the point of entering into the City of Flowers

* i. e. the place to which Wordsworth more happily alludes when he says that "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, Who is our home."

which lies on the other side : others have only just started from their home, while others are so much taken up with the beauties of their birthplace that they have only just begun to make tardy preparations to leave it. There are all grades and kinds of travellers, but they have all left their hateful home, or are about to do so. And there are some, strange to say, who look back with longing eyes, and contemplate a return.

4. Of course, if you are by disposition anxious, there always is a seed from which anxiety may spring : and if you are prone to remorse, there always is something that you may feel sorry about. The faults and errors you have committed,—you must make amends for them : the wrongful actions you have done,—you must somehow atone for them. If you are going to trouble yourself about such things, you will find enough to worry about for ever. Or you wish you had done something differently, or not been so rude to So and So, or, you wonder how you can look him in the face again after

such inexcusable behaviour. If you are going to be troubled by remorse for such things, again you have enough matter for remorse to last you all your life. But what is the good of all this worry and remorse? If my worry or remorse are going to give me the strength to correct some error, or make amends for some wrong, there would be some use in it; but my flesh is too weak to make atonement for the past,—and besides, the saving labours of the Tathāgata have rendered it unnecessary, And therefore, seeing that we of ourselves are too weak to help ourselves, what folly it is to give way to remorse or worry!

5. Moreover, this 'heavenward' journey which we are now taking is not one of our own devising. In our distant birth-place, we found ourselves encompassed on all sides by the sins inherent to our condition, so that we were utterly unable to move a foot to advance or retreat. When our helplessness was most patent, the Tathāgata, designing to save us, stood and called us by means of His Sacred Name, and

encouraged and enabled us to start on our heaven-ward journey. Surely, then, it is not the will of the Hotoke that we should forever be troubling ourselves with these anxieties about home, and this remorse for past mistakes. What He desires is quite the contrary : that we should let go our griefs and lay aside our remorse, and rise peacefully above our load of Sorrow. Is it not therefore a direct disobedience to His Will for us to be for ever unmindful of His Mercy, to be troubled with vain cares and regrets about this or that? The object of going on a journey is not that we may be worried with home cares, but that we may enjoy our travelling. The 'heavenward' journey is not undertaken in order that we may be distressed by the things that are behind, but that every step may give us more and more of the pleasures of our road. Behind us there is sin and darkness: in front there is goodness and light. The Hotoke does not tell us to look behind, but calls us to come straight to Him. And Sakyamuni tells us, does he not? to keep our eyes straight in one direct-

ion, i. e. earnestly turned towards the Hotoke, and to see Him only.

6. We have a proverb which says that "we leave the shame of our journey behind us." The proverb is perhaps not altogether applicable to our earthly journeys, for in them the shame which we have incurred sticks by us, and gives us at least a certain amount of trouble. But the shame which we may have incurred on our heavenward journey has all been left behind. The Tathāgata, Who has called us, and Who has sent us forth in this life on our heavenward journey, has so contrived that all our shame shall be left behind: and there is no mistake in what He does. It is not with us a question of merely shedding our old skins as the snakes do: we are entirely born again and made new creatures, once and for all. One by one, we throw off our old habits, and, as we do so, we find the new glory of the garment which the Tathāgata gives. My dear brethren, it will not do for us to cling to our old robes and weep because they are taken from

us: we must not want to resume once more the old rags which we have cast off from us. My past is my dead self: the Tathāgata takes that dead self and disposes of it as he likes. Why then should I look back on that dead self, which is now in the hands of the Tathāgata, and think of it with regret and sorrow? If you wish, brethren, to go on fretting and worrying for ever, all you have to do is to resolve in your minds to set no store by the happiness which the Hotoke gives you in the present.

7. Ah! let the Past be past, and bury it! let the Future be the Future, and think of it! Let us only rest in that great, present, Confidence which is being offered for our acceptance as a free gift, and rejoicing in the exquisite beauties of Nature which show that thought of Faith, let us go on bravely. If we see the mist hanging over the shore of Akashi, let us be intoxicated by its beauties: if we hear the plover piping near the village of Suma, let us dwell with fond contemplation on its distant home among the

ancient rocks. At Nara, at Kyoto, or wherever we go, let us take the pleasure which each place gives us. Let us waste no tears over the past nor break our hearts with anxiety about the future: let us trust all things to the Tathāgata's hand, enjoying the present as it comes, and drinking from that honey-well of divine teaching, which bubbles up at his Sacred Feet.

8. If we can do this, we shall find that Heaven and Earth will become full of radiant light, and that we ourselves stand in the centre, with all the rays of light focussed upon us. If we look at our past we shall see that, sinful though it may have been, yet our sin only served to bring out more clearly the workings of the Divine Mercy. If we look at the Future, we shall see its darkness illuminated by the bright beams of that self-same mercy. The Past has become precious, and the Future is precious too; and we, in the Present, must not fail to appreciate the deep import of them both.

VI.

**Fight the good Fight with all
Thy Might.**

“Though there should be Buddhas by the millions, and saints as many in number as the waves on the Ocean, it would be better to seek the Way and to stand firm in it without flinching, than to offer prayers and worship to all these Beings.”

DAIKYŌ.

1. It was a bright moonlight night in Moscow. A young man opened a window shaded by leafy plane-trees, looked at the solemn beauty of the scene, and half-unconsciously muttered to himself, “How beautiful it all is!” The young man’s name was Nehrodoff: he was the hero of Tolstoi’s novel, the “Resurrection,” the first half of whose life was so eventful and impressive that I could not help feeling touched, as I read it, with a feeling of deep sympathy.

2. This young man was by nature a man of strong sentiments. He is described by a reviewer as being nothing out of the common, in fact quite an ordinary man. He had a good

many weak points in his spiritual constitution, and was consequently the victim of many temptations. He was a man of good family, had lost his father very early and had been consequently almost entirely brought up by his mother. Indeed, he was at first a decidedly healthy-minded, loveable, lad. As he grew older he entered the University, where he came under the influence of writers like Herbert Spencer, through whose teachings he became so visionary in his ideas that he ended by concluding that to hold private landed property was an injustice; and even resolved to hand over to his peasants the whole of his patrimonial estates. But, in spite of all his sacrifices, the cruel waves of misfortune, so inseparably connected with this vale of tears, made no exception in his favour, and in due time he became, pure and guileless though he was, the slave of adverse Fate. He discovered that the pure Idealism, which had hitherto been his guide, was but a poor leader through the intricate mazes of actual life: almost simultaneously he arrived at the conclusion that the idealistic con-

ceptions, principles, and beliefs, which he had formed in his mind, were absolutely useless for all practical purposes, and so, renouncing all his former principles of life, he determined henceforth to be guided only by the convenience of the immediate Present which lay before his eyes. As a consequence, all his ideas and conceptions underwent a radical change. He had hitherto looked upon the World as something solemn and marvellous; but now he deemed it to be absolutely worthless and trivial. He had hitherto deemed a moral life to be an essential, and that one should follow implicitly the teachings of the learned and the wise; he now came to feel that there was nothing in the world that had a claim upon his implicit obedience and faith. He had formerly been scrupulously exact in all money matters, he now squandered his wealth about him with a careless hand: his feelings towards women changed from a reverential deference to considering them merely as the instruments of a man's pleasures; and when, after leaving the University, he entered the Army,

and came into contact with the rough, proud, ways of military officers, he surrendered at discretion to the world, and from that moment knew no law but his own lusts, and became a dissolute, profligate, man. He did not feel happy at first in his new life, and slid uneasily enough down the decline of sin; but the uneasy feeling lasted only for a while, and, when that was lost, he went down-hill with a reckless, head-long, speed.

3. It was at this period of his life that he was ordered into the country on regimental business, and visited an aunt of his who lived in the country, on his line of journey. In his aunt's house Nehrodoff met an amiable girl, Cassia by name, the daughter of a low woman, who had been deserted by her mother, and adopted and reared by his aunt. Nehrodoff saw her, became enamoured and, urged on by his lawless passions, seduced the girl. The next morning he left her, and afterwards for many years never thought of the girl again; for he led a wandering, roving, life, here to day and

there to-morrow. At last, his mother being dead and himself the head of the family, he settled down in Moscow as an assessor in the law-courts, where he did not, however, abandon his profligate ways all at once, but continued for a while to live as carelessly as before. Not long afterwards it was arranged that he should marry the daughter of a wealthy man, Missha by name.

4. I was extraordinary affected by this narration. Who would have thought that this young student, so obedient to the Faith, and so desirous of good, would ever have proved a rebel and an impostor? I was surprised myself at the elevated purity of the imaginations of his youth, I could but admire the strength and fervour of his resolutions. And yet, a white cord quickly becomes defiled, and a stiff piece of steel is more easily snapped than a piece of more pliant metal. When the Transient World comes over a man, with its waves of Defilement, the white thread of Purity is soon defiled, and the unbending steel of Resolution is snapped in a moment. Alas! when the touch of Defilement

comes we make excuses for it. "It is the way of the world," we say, "and we must conform to it." Whether we really must conform or not we do not stop to enquire. We just cower before the waves of worldliness, and hold up suppliant hands to its advancing might: all,—I as well as you,—prostrate ourselves before it. This was exactly Nehrodoff's attitude: it is equally the attitude which most of us take up. And the very fact that we have thus bowed the knee to the Powers of Evil makes it doubtful whether we can quietly pass through this world, as we had hoped. For even suppose we do get through life to our present satisfaction, what good will that do us in the end? Or, let the pleasures of luxury and debauchery be never so great, is not such a life nothing but a dream? And is there not an awakening to every dream? When the Awakening from our Dream comes, we must sink down once more into Suffering which there is no describing; and when the Dream is all there is of us, then certainly the awakening will not be Paradise, and we shall remain

fast bound to a life of endless revolutions and unrest. There is no true happiness to be found in such dreams of the Transient World: it can only be found in following the Great Will of the Divine Heart which broods in Light over our minds and consciences. It is not wise for us, therefore, to follow in the footsteps of Nehrodoff such as he has hitherto shown himself to be. We must follow the teachings of the Sage of Concord,—“the Great Man is one that spends his life alone in the midst of a crowd.” We must put no trust in others: we must resolve to take a firm stand on the Rock of Self-Exertion. “Be a light unto thyself, “ says the Scripture, “be a house unto thyself, and trust not thyself to other houses. Make the Way thy Lamp, and the Way thy House, and put thy confidence in these alone.”*

It is, of course, most important to use this Transient World as a place of diligent training and exercise, and to treat the vicissitudes of life as the tools of the potter to form and mould

* Dai-nehan-gyo.=*Sutra of the Great Decease.*

our characters. But tools are tools, they are never the Master: and we must not follow the tools: we must follow one thing only, the Great Will of our Tathāgata who is the One Lord of all. That one phrase of the objective Opportunist, "It is the Way of the World, and we must conform ourselves to it," contains in it the whole principle of disobedience to the Law of the Universe: it is, in truth, a great and terrible curse.

5. But Nehrodoff had now reached a crisis in his life when he would be obliged to throw and abandon all the principles of life which had guided him hitherto. One day, apparently by chance, he happened to be in Court as usual, engaged in the examination of a woman accused of murder, and was sitting on the Bench along with the other lawyers concerned in the trial. The accused was standing in the dock in front of him, surrounded by a large crowd of spectators, when Nehrodoff, catching a glimpse of the woman's face, suddenly realized that it was Cassia, the woman whom he had treated so

badly years before. The sight was a terrible shock to him: he could only sit helplessly staring at her during the whole time that the cross-examination was going on, and it was thus that he learned what had been the poor girl's history since his base desertion of her.

Poor Cassia, who had been left *enceinte*, had lost the esteem of Nehrodoff's aunt, had been driven from the house, and had taken refuge in the family of a police-officer as maid of all work. From this house she had run away, because she was unable to stand her new Master's cruel treatment. Then had come the hour of her confinement, which was miserable and wretched enough: a babe was born, but soon died,—and after that the poor girl went from bad to worse, without home or resting-place, the sport and contempt of men, until, having drunk the cup of affliction, to its dregs, she ended up with a seven years' bondage as a common prostitute. At the end of that time it happened that a certain merchant committed suicide in the house of ill-fame in which Cassia lived, and as

she was known to have had intercourse with him, she was at once suspected of the crime of murder, and, though innocent, had been arrested, and brought up for trial on the very day of which I am now speaking.

When Nehrodoff heard all this, he was almost stupefied with fear and astonishment, and the trial proceeded without his taking any active part in it, the prisoner being eventually found guilty, in spite of the efforts her lawyer made to save her, and condemned to penal servitude in Siberia. Nehrodoff trembled all over as he listened to the sentence. Poor Cassia! She had just received sentence for a crime of which she was not guilty, and was banished to a distant country thousands of miles away! And who was the cause of all this misery? Nehrodoff knew that it was himself, his guilty conscience told him that the poor woman was being sacrificed for his sins, and how could he dare to look on in silence? He felt that he must make an effort to save Cassia from her Fate, and with that thought he suddenly awoke

from his long slumber, and came to himself again from his long wandering in sin. His conscience, which had lain hidden for so long, began once more to raise its head in self-assertion; he saw how profligate, how lawless, how despicably mean, his whole conduct had been, and the realization made him tremble all over with uncontrollable terror.

6. Then a sudden thought flashed across his mind. If he exerted himself to save the wretched Cassia from her fate, the fact of his former connexion with her must come to the light, and his own good name would be irretrievably lost. Then of course his projected marriage with Missha could never take place. Was it incumbent on him, he asked himself, to save Cassia at the cost of such a sacrifice? Was it not rather his duty to carry out his project of marriage with Missha, and honourably to meet his engagements to Society? He was in a state of great perplexity and doubt, as you may for yourself see by consulting the pages of Tolstoi's novel.

7. Come what might, he determined, as the result of his troubled meditations, he would follow the dictates of his conscience and turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of the Devil of Objective Compromise. My brethren, these were brave words, were they not? But brave, not in the sense of that bravery which comes with the rolling of gun-carriages, the prancing of horses, and the flash and clatter of steel and iron. They were brave, because the strong power of a determined will was stirring the depths of a human heart, and our good friend Nehrodoff was under the influence of that will. It is true that the fawning spirit of Compromise came once more with its Objective Opportunism to keep him back from his resolution. "You will lose your good name," it whispered. "The marriage which you have so much at heart will be broken off." "Your conduct has been no worse than that of many another man." But the simple-hearted Nehrodoff did not succumb a second time to the blandishments of this evil spirit. It is true that he feared and trembled,

as he contemplated the sin which he had committed: he was still infected with the poison he had imbibed from the Spirit of Objectivism which had hitherto been his guide. But the man who has once been delivered from a quagmire will do his best not to fall into it a second time, and Nehrodoff, his eyes straight before him, and looking neither to right nor to left, learned to look at things from a subjective standpoint, assumed the attitude of a master, and stepped boldly forward on the right path. He would no longer follow the world, he would follow the light of conscience within him. He would consult none but his conscience, he would do what his conscience told him was right, and leave undone what his conscience condemned as wrong. "It is possible," he said to himself, "that the world will not approve." He clearly saw that there would be many obstacles to overcome in the path which he had chosen for himself, but the world's approval or disapproval was none of his business. It did not concern him to know the difficulties that he was to en-

counter. The only thing that was really important for him was that he should do what he ought to do. And this, his duty, he resolved to attempt, at all hazards and at any cost.

Ah! there was much of pleasure in the world which he was about to renounce! But he knew that there was something higher than the world. He sometimes wondered whether he would ever, of himself, have the strength to carry out his resolution, and reflection assured him that he would not. He had not the strength, he knew; but yet he would attempt his duty. Then he bethought himself of the Father of Mercies, and straightway the Father of Mercies thought of him. No sooner had he turned his thoughts in this direction than the thing that he asked for was immediately given him.

8. Ah! the strength with which we ask is the same strength with which we receive. To have the strength to turn in prayer is the same thing as having the grace descend upon us. The very moment that Neroeloff turned with

an honest and true heart, he received the strength that he needed for his task.

“He that giveth is faithful, and he that asketh is faithful, likewise.” When once we have cut the cable of self-confidence and cast it from us, and have put all our trust in the Work of the Great Mercy, what further thing is there for us to do? This giving up of our whole trust is, in fact, the work that is required of us. This thought of faith is, in fact, the Very Heart and Essence of Buddha, and if we possess it what is there that we cannot do and accomplish?

Nehrodoff perceived this. He had been born again, he was no longer the slave of the world. He had received the work of the Great Spirit into his heart, and felt that he was now an uncrowned King. “The Czar is a Czar to himself, and I am a Czar to myself.”

9. At this point, suddenly, the clouds of gloomy restlessness, which had been brooding over his heart, were cleared away, and a glorious sunset sky with gentle breezes took their

place. He rose from his seat, opened his window and looked out at the moonlit sky. "How beautiful it all is!" were the words which came involuntarily to his lips, as he beheld the peaceful scene. It was not the beauty of the outer world only which brought this exclamation to his lips. There was, as we have seen, an inward reason prompting him to acknowledge the beauty which he beheld and understood, and there is for us, too, a great lesson to be learned from his words.

10. Nehrodoff was now fully set in his own mind, and he set out manfully to walk on the path of duty. His anticipations were fully realized. The world jeered at him. His friends and relatives said that the man who would exert himself on behalf of an out-cast prostitute must be a doubtful character himself: and when, in the prosecution of the task he had set before him, he left Moscow and travelled to St. Petersburg, his aristocratic friends in the metropolis made desperate efforts to tempt him back to his old ways of life.

But it was no longer the old Nehrodoff, but Nehrodoff risen from the dead. He turned a deaf ear to all their blandishments and refused to be tempted. It was a hard task that he had set before himself, and Cassia, for whom he was doing so much, did not make it easier. She still bore him a grudge for his cruelty in deserting her years before, and from time to time she would turn upon him with a flush of anger on her cheek, and words of contumely on her tongue. Poor Nehrodoff was but an ordinary man, and he winced under her treatment. He was impatient at times, cross, angry,—sometimes even the tears would rise to his eyes; but he always managed to recollect himself. He reminded himself that she had not always been a bad woman, and that her having fallen so low was due to himself. He would not therefore allow himself to lose his temper, he would do what he ought to do, and all would be well. So he went on quietly doing his best, and trying one plan after another; but, do what he would, he could not procure a pardon for Cassia.

At last, in despair and as a last resource, he sent a petition to the Czar. But the Czar's reply was slow in coming, and in the meantime the day was approaching on which Cassia was to be despatched with a gang of fellow-convicts to Siberia. Nehrodoff thought the matter well over, and determined to accompany her into exile.

11. Before doing so, it was necessary for him to settle his property. He had long since forgotten the opinion he had held for a short time, in the days of his extravagant idealism, about the sinfulness of private ownership of land, but he now came back to his old conclusions, which seemed best to agree with the revived activity of his conscience. He was the more moved to this by an acquaintance which he had since made with the teachings of Henry George, which he accepted with enthusiasm. He gave up, therefore, the title-deeds of the lands he owned and made them all over to the peasants who were farming them as his tenants. He had some trouble and difficulty in getting the transfers properly executed ; but he was firmly con-

vinced that he ought to do the thing that is right, and to have no thought for himself, and so the task was not an impossible one. But when the transfer was accomplished, the peasants, sordid materialists that they were, and destitute of all generous thoughts, evinced no gratitude, and even grumbled because he had not done more. More than once he was tempted to lose his patience, but each time he reflected that their gratitude or ingratitude were nothing to him, that the only thing that really concerned him was to do the thing that his conscience told him was right, and with this thought he returned contentedly to Moscow.

12. At last the day came when the gang of convicts was to be despatched to Siberia. Nehrodoff had of late been very frequently in and out of the Prison Gates on Cassia's business, and had learned a great deal about the life of the convicts, for whose miserable lot he had the deepest feelings of compassion. But now that he walked with them, and ate with them, he knew their circumstances better, and was filled

with still greater compassion for their misery. He understood, as he had never done before, the harshness and severity of the warders and officials, and yet he could see that it was often unavoidable. He came by degrees to the conclusion which has forced itself upon other minds as well, that the whole system needed a radical reform.

He was not unmindful of Cassia's needs. Whenever opportunity offered he would walk by her side and comfort her, and so great was his kindness and consideration that at last even her icy heart began to thaw towards him, and she began to look upon him with sentiments of gratitude. But she was always circumspect, and would not betray her friend into a false position. Whenever he began to speak to her on the subject of marriage, she always stopped him abruptly, and before the gang had arrived at its destination she had already secretly given her promise to a young political offender who was in their company. Nehrodoff was deeply disappointed at her coldness in rejecting his ad-

vances, but continued to labour on her behalf, in spite of all discouragements. Soon after his arrival at the end of the journey, the Czar's pardon for Cassia reached him. He lost no time in acquainting her with the happy result of his labours, and shortly afterwards took a warm farewell, and went his way, rejoicing that his efforts on her behalf had not been in vain.

13. When I had read this section of the book, I felt myself deeply moved by the story; for my reading of it coincided with a crisis in my own life, which made me more than usually sympathetic with sorrow and noble feelings. When I had finished the volume, I suddenly remembered having seen something very similar in a very different type of book, the Discourses of Epictetus. The story of Nehrodoff has a very unmistakeable moral. We must at all hazards get rid of that despicable thing, Objective Opportunism, and come out under the clear open sky of Subjective Freedom: we must assume the attitude of freemen and masters, lords of ourselves

and of our own wills and desires, which is the true spiritual principle of life and conduct.

You see, Nehrodoff was just a plain, ordinary, man. His passions and lusts often brought him to the verge of despair, and his resolution often seemed to fail him. But when once his conscience had risen from the dead, he was no more under their dominion. He cared no more for the adverse opinions of others, he was oblivious of all considerations of profit and loss to himself. He no longer troubled himself as to whether people noticed what he did or not, whether they were grateful or not for what he did for them. His one and only thought was to advance boldly along the right road, and do the thing that in his heart he believed to be the just thing to do. He was like some fierce bird of prey, entirely taken up and possessed by the spirit which had come down upon him, and blindly following its behests without a look to right or left. What he did, you might say that Nehrodoff did it, but that would be only half the truth. It was no longer Nehrodoff

that did it, but the Great Spirit that dwelt in him. We too must let our actions be a part of the workings of this Great Spirit.

14. "Even though a Buddha, in the Flesh, or glorified, should preach another Gospel than this, and should use all the powers of eloquence to persuade me that Shaka had lied when he bade me meditate upon the virtues of Amida that I might be saved, I should not swerve from this my firm conviction and faith." Such was the brave confession of Zendō Daishi.* "Not even the fear of beheading would cause me to change my mind," was the splendid testimony of Honen Shonin,† when he reproved his apostate disciple Saia. "The Buddhists of those temples," said Shinran,‡ "are ignorant of their own doctrines and cannot distinguish the true Gate of Salvation from the false one. The Confucianists of

* One of the seven patriarchs of Amidaism. A.D. 614-681.

† Honen Shonin, founder of the Jōdo Sect in Japan. A.D. 1133-1207.

‡ Shinran Shōnin, founder of the Shinshu Sect. A.D. 1173-1212.

the city (Kyoto) have wandered from the path, and know not where they are going." And then he went on, with out-spoken denunciations. "All alike,—Sovereign, Ministers, People,—are transgressors of the Law and violators of Righteousness: they are influenced by anger, and their deeds are productive of hatred." They were bold words, but the mind which gave utterance to them was strong, "for it rested on the Rock of Mida's Holy Vow, and merged its emotions in the great Ocean of the Inconceivable Transcendent Law."

Thus you see that in the minds of these great men there was neither State, nor Society, neither Scholar nor Saint,—there were even no Buddhas,—but Amida the Lord was alone, and all in all,—above all, through all, in them all. It was this Faith in, and this following of Amida, that gave these men their power and influence in the world.

15. It is impossible for us to move the *tatami* on which we are actually sitting. How can those who put their trust in the Nation or in Society,

ever be able to move either the one or the other? We cannot wash off the mud from our bodies so long as we stay sitting in the mud: we can not raise humanity from the mire, so long as we ourselves are in the mire of worldly conformity. Where all the birds congregate in troops, the trees lose their foliage and wither: how then can those who are tied and bound by the conflicting judgments of this world obtain the strength to acquire eternal life? We must reach out to something higher than the Nation, higher than Society, higher than Humanity,— we must reach out to the Great Commandment of the One Tathāgata, from Whom we shall get the strength we need, and, having obtained that strength, we must break off once for all with lust and sin, and do as the Great Commandment bids as to do.

16. When men have many masters to teach them their duty, the result is but confusion, and consequently pain. When we follow the One Rule, the One Law of the One Buddha, we find ourselves at the Spring and Fountain-head

of happiness and courage, and are in a position to accomplish all our duties.

17. The Hotoke is within us. Why should we be troubled or afraid? Or why should we think that there is anything that we cannot do? Without the Hotoke, we are absolutely helpless: but with the Hotoke, and through faith in Him, we get an all-sufficient strength. Consider. "If I attain to Supreme Enlightenment and become the Lord of all, unless by so doing I can save all that are in Misery and Suffering I will not accept the Buddha-hood." Such was the Vow which our Father the Tathāgata took for us. And now we see that He has accepted his Buddhahood, and that He has set before us His Name,—the Name above all others,—as a token and pledge that He has ascended to his well-earned Kingdom and Rest. The fact that the Nyorai's Perfecting has been revealed to us is a proof that he has accomplished his Vow. And if the Vow has been accomplished, how is it possible that Suffering and Misery should remain unsaved? Advance

therefore. The Tathāgata lives. We who are poor in strength can have strength given to us : we who are deficient in life can have life given to us. All things that we need we can get to our full satisfaction through the mercy of the Tathāgata, Who makes us more than conquerors in the battle.

18. The life of true Victory is a blessing which they only obtain who put their trust in the Tathāgata.

VII.

**The World and How to pass
through It.**

By following the Buddha with calm resolution we attain to Naturalness. This is none other than Amida's land.

HŌJISAN.

I.

We are travellers. This world is a way-side Inn. In this Inn of Human Life, we have, through the Name of the Tathāgata, received His gracious invitation. These are the three main points in our Life on Earth.

II.

I. In this Inn there are many guests staying, men, and women, old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant. A strange point in connection with these guests is that the majority of them neither know nor care where they are going, and that some of them even boast that there is no need to trouble themselves about it. These men complain a great deal that the attendance and food in the Inn are not as

good as they might be. Nay: they will sometimes make a strange amount of fuss over some petty detail in the management, and let some trifling matter be the seed from which they raise quite an abundant crop of quarrelling and strife, of party spirit and anger, of rancour and malice. You will not be astonished to hear that, side by side with these discontented spirits, there are some guests who are always laughing about nothing at all. Are we to be moved to tears, or to smiles, by this strange spectacle? It is hard to say.

2. Now among these guests there are some others who exhibit neither wisdom nor virtue in their conduct. They have hitherto been just rude country people, with uncouth rustic manners, living purposeless lives in some out-of-the-way hamlet; but they have now received the Tathāgata's invitation through His Name, and have set out on their journey with their faces turned towards the City of Light. These men are resting in the Inn, and they rejoice, as for one and another the time approaches to enter the

City. These men are all our brethren: is not this a matter for congratulation to see them drawing near to their happy consummation?

3. "There is a road which takes us to the joys of the world to come, and the Sun is shining pleasantly to-day." With such thoughts we set ourselves cheerfully to work to fulfil our daily duties. This is the life of the Tathāgata's children.

III.

1. Yet we must be on our guard not to despise those men who go noisily blustering along the roads of life. Even the chance brushing of our sleeves together in the crowded thoroughfare, is, as the proverb tells us, the result of a far-reaching causation in other worlds; and if that be so, our lodging together, as guests in the same Inn, may lead to a series of effects stretching out over countless centuries. We must therefore be constantly on our guard and behave with well-meant civility towards those who are with us in the Inn.

2. To later arrivals we show ourselves kindly sympathetic, and tell them of the ways of the house and the customs to be observed: for such is the politeness that is required of us by the rules of the hostelry. And when we remember that but a short while, ago, we ourselves were like these persons, rustic and boorish, thoughtless and rude, we feel constrained to behave towards them without pride or disdain.

3. So if they come and make a noise close to where we are and annoy us with their uproar, we shall do our best to bear it patiently. Poor men! It is only during their short stay in the Inn that they have the opportunity of making a noise. "The world passeth away, it endureth but for a moment:" and surely, if our thoughts are directed to the happiness of the City of Light to which we shall so soon be going, we can endure for a moment the disturbance that goes on around us.

4. We shall see this more clearly if we consider that the Father of Mercies forgives

us freely for those sins, the contemplation of which makes us shake and tremble, and that He takes us just as we are and saves us. If we have been thus forgiven, should not we forgive others? It is the will of the Hotoke, who forgiveth all men, that we too should forgive as He has forgiven.

5. Is it not further true that the opposition of these men, their slanders, oppressions, and want of sympathy, have been the things that have drawn us out and made us what we are to-day? The clouds of trouble have shown themselves to be lined with silver, and therefore, when we think of those men, we can but give thanks for what they have done for us, and pray that the Same Divine Hand which has been over us may be over them also.

6. It must happen that at times we shall have thunder-claps of anger bursting out against some one or other. At other times, it will be our duty to admonish and reprove others with severity. But let our anger be based on Mercy, which is as wide as Heaven, and on Love

which is as comprehensive as the wide ocean, and then neither reproof nor angry words will long preserve their bitterness.

7. "There are many roads to lead you astray," says the poem, "but you can never go wrong so long as you are in dutiful attendance on your parents" Consider all old men as your fathers, all old women as mothers, grown up persons as elder brothers and sisters, and the young as younger brothers and sisters. Go a step further, and think of them all as so many manifestations of Buddha, prepared for your benefit. This is Sakyamuni's teaching. You may find his words in the Sutras.

IV.

1, If it should ever happen that these people should cease from their noise, and be quiet for a while, we should, I think, seize the opportunity to speak to them of the beauty of the City to which we are going, and to invite them to come along with us. If once they should be willing to listen, and, turning their

hearts to the heavenly City, should advance along this road, they will at once obtain the same true peace, hope, courage, and happiness that we have. More than all, the Great Parent who dwells in that City will become their Father as He is ours, and will await their coming to Him, as He awaits ours.

2. Bind all men into Union by means of the One Name. Turn all men towards the One and Only Buddha. Make all seek for rest in the One and Only Paradise. This is our Central Idea.

3. "To make others believe as one believes oneself is the hardest of hard tasks: to propagate Mercy and make it flourish and abound is a means of acquiring the choicest graces of the Buddha." It was Zendō Daishi who taught us these words, and we shall not forget them.

V.

1. Whilst we are thus staying in the hostelry of Life, our fellow-guests will sometimes come and question us about ourselves. It will be our

desire at such times to speak the truth. We might perhaps fear that if the people at the Inn saw us claiming a wisdom beyond our grasp, or asserting a dignity to which we had no right, they might think more highly of us and pay us more reverence; whereas if we told them nothing but just the truth about ourselves, they might despise us and even take away from us the room which had been assigned to us, and generally treat us with contumely and insult. But let us not be troubled about such things. Let us boldly and openly speak the truth about ourselves. For the Way of the Hotoke is the Way of His Name, and our Heavenly Father has not concealed His Name. He has told us that His Name is "Amida the Buddha to whom belongs all Glory:" and we have taken Him as our Father and are being saved by Him. How then can it be right for us to defile His Name with a lie? "An honest heart is Paradise." Let us speak the unvarnished truth, and say to those who question us, "My life is sinful." "My name is a very or-

dinary one," "My rank is not high," "There are no misleading statements in my *curriculum vitae*." And then, when the Hotel people come and ask us for further entries for the visitor's book, and say "Where is your home?", we can answer with true pride that we are even now "burghers of the City of Light." That, brethren, is the only thing that we have to be proud about.

2. It is written in the Scriptures, and it is something about which we may rejoice, that by virtue of our Tathāgata's Vow we, ordinary folk who are neither great Saints nor yet great Scholars, may even in this life, and without putting off our bodies of flesh, have our pleasure in Paradise. This is the peculiar privilege of those who are citizens of the Pure Land, and the sons of the Tathāgata.

VI.

1. But the people of the Inn will not understand us when we say that we are citizens of the City of Light, and, will probably slight us,

and treat us coldly in consequence of our words. But let us beware that we be not like others and take to grumbling. Let us simply say to ourselves, that, if there had not been this Hostelry to come to, we might at the present moment be the sport by all manner of storms and tempests, and that the Inn has saved us from many a trouble and hardship. Look at things in this way and we shall see that the half-filled soup-bowl, which the other guests are complaining about, is in reality a sumptuous feast. That thin cotton quilt, which makes the others grumble and grind their teeth, becomes for us a luxurious bed of finest silk. And when we think further that it was in this poor Inn that we first heard our Father's Name, and received His Invitation, and that we are at last reaping here the first-fruits of a harvest sown in many lives and many worlds, we shall see that we have absolutely no cause for discontent, even though our room be not quite so good as we should have liked it to be.

2. Let us listen to the words of Rennyō Shōnin,* as taken from his Reminiscences :

Walking along the corridor of the monastery, Rennyō noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor. "Why should we despise anything in the realm of Buddha?" said he, and, picking up the paper, held it to his forehead with reverence. Even a piece of paper he looked upon as forming a part of the Hotoke's possessions, and therefore to be treated with reverence.

It is a thing to be avoided to tread upon one's own things, such as, e.g. clothes. Our last Abbot but one used to consider that even his clothes belonged to him only in virtue of his sacred office, and would reverently pick up any garments he found lying about. In the same way when a meal was brought to him he would cross his fingers before him and say, "I have received food and clothing from him whom I serve as Shōnin."

* The Gobunsho or Ofumi of Rennyō Shōnin will be found in Vol. XVII. 1 of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

Let us, in however small a measure, try to follow in these footsteps.

VII.

1. We can now see that this hostelry of the Human Life is not a house of Suffering so far as we are concerned, but the Gate of Mercy. When thus the Night of Life is over and the Glorious Morning begins to dawn, most of the travellers begin to bustle about and with much stamping, shouting, and parade, go out into the outside air. But that is not what we want to do. We prefer to go out quietly after having made our proper adieux to the people of the Inn. "Even the flying bird," says the proverb, "takes care not to pollute the stream as it passes." And shall we fall short of the birds in politeness and good manners? The sin and evil which we leave behind us when we quit our rooms, we will ask the Tathāgata kindly to sweep away after us when we are gone, and so we shall be able to go away with no words but of Kindness to those who remain behind us.

2. Gratitude, thanks,—this is the only payment which we must make in person. We cannot send it by the hands of a third party. The kindness which we have received during our stay precludes the possibility of anything but a personal expression of gratitude.

3. “The water in the well, from which we are wont to draw, may be very deep,” says the poet, “but it cannot be so deep as the wells of Mercy in Paradise.” We think some times of the brightness of the Moon and Stars, but we forget all about the brightness of the Sun. The One is perennial, constant, unvarying, the other is inconstant and fitful. The Mercy of the Hotoke is forgotten, because it is like the Sun, perennial, constant, unvarying. Still let us not forget the giving of thanks whenever we invoke the Holy Name.

VIII.

1. And thus we go away. But there is one thing to be borne in mind at the moment of our departure. It is this, that we must preserve

the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* and not try to take away with us by mistake what belongs to the Inn, or to any of the guests. We must take with us nothing but what is really our own. When we first reached the Inn we had nothing of our own: and the Inn-people gave us clothing for our backs and food for our bodies. The clothes, therefore, and the food belong to it also. The life also of the body belongs to the Inn, and so does everything which can be separated from ourselves. All these we must leave behind us: we must not think of trying to take them with us. Many of the things which we abandon are extremely beautiful, but we are going to get the Divine Food of the Holy Name which is beyond all comparison sweeter than what we are leaving, and the Garments of His Holy Name, which are beyond all comparison fairer than the robes which we are bidden to put off. It is true that, even whilst staying in the Inn, we received the Heavenly Food and the Garments of His Righteousness, but these did not belong to the Inn.

They were given to us for our very own, and we cannot be separated from them. We go forth, therefore, wearing the garments of His Holy Name and rejoicing in the Divine Food which comes to us from the same source, and everything else we return to the inn, so that we may go forth without encumbrances. If it is a praise for a man "to return in rich garments to the home which he left in a poor working suit," how much more of a praise is it for us to return to our first home in garments more beautiful than the rainbow, with treasures more precious than gold or silver,—to our first home, the Land of the Divine Light. That is the great happiness that is now awaiting us.

2. The three worlds are the Abode of Sin and Evil: the Pure Land is the Home of the Heart and Spirit. We shall go forth from the one to enter into the joy of our spiritual home.

"The fire-girt world, wherein my footsteps stray
I used to deem my home. But now, I see,
The lonely mountain hamlet, which I found
Wandering by chance, is my true native place.

(DŌGEN ZENJI.)

There in the inmost heart of those still hills,
The mind's true citadel, where never reach
The icy wind-storms, let me make my home.

(GO MIZU NO TENNŌ.)

3. "Come then, and let us be on the way. We must follow the Buddha and go to our home; when we get there we shall find that all our desires meet with a spontaneous fulfilment," The fulfilment of all our desires is waiting for us in the City where the flowers bloom of their own accord.

IX.

1. With this load of happiness on our backs we go forth from the Inn, and turn our faces towards the City of Light. As we draw near to it, the road along which we travel becomes wider, and the travellers along it are more numerous. We find that all these men are, like ourselves, clad in the garment of the Holy Name, and sustained by the Food of that Name. They come from all sides singing their Pilgrim Songs, and sweep like a bright cloud into the City Gates. And beyond those gates, what is it like?

“ With their eyes they behold the Nyorai and look up at the Saints. The more they look, the more pleasant the organs of their sight grow. The more they hear the excellent law, the more pleasant the organ of their hearing grows. With their noses they smell the incense of Divine grace, and the more they smell, the more pleasant their organ of smelling grows. With their tongue they taste Divine joy and Contemplative Ecstasy, and the more they taste it, the more pleasant their organ of taste grows. With their minds they engage in the state of pleasure, and the more they engage in it, the more pleasant their spirits grow. Every state of the World of Paradise is a device for forsaking pain and acquiring pleasure. The wind that blows upon the jewel trees brings pleasure: the branches, leaves, and fruits, all resound with permanent pleasure. The waves that wash the golden shore bring pleasure. The ripples and whirling streams spread the four virtues. The singing of the cranes over the shore brings pleasure. As it is the gate of Divine Law for the enlightenment of

one's organs and the very strength of life, even a mere passing wild goose will contribute pleasure (to the inhabitants of the Land of Bliss). As it is the Excellent Law for meditation upon Buddha, the Law and the Church, the mere walking upon the ground will bring pleasure. The Heavenly Garment is bestowed upon them and the right of entering into the Jewel Palace is another pleasure. Heavenly music is played in their ears."

2. Such is the country which lies before us and awaits our arrival. At the present moment we are in the Inn, looking forward to the country. But the Inn is not the whole of our existence: it is only a part. And our principal work is not to make ourselves comfortable in our lodgings here: our work is only to make one step further on our road to the Pure Land.

X.

1. Some of the lodgers in the Inn are weak-hearted persons who weep and lament as they come out of it. It is not quite unreasonable to

do so, for our departure means a separation from the friends who have lodged with us under the same roof, and not only from our mere friends and acquaintances, but from those more specially dear ones who have shared our rooms, and to whom we have given the appellations of parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister. Moreover, when once we have separated, we know not when or how we shall meet again; for our paths lie possibly in different directions, and it may be that some of us will have to return for long wanderings among the mountains and fields of sin and vice.

2. But think again. Granted, that there are some of them that do not yet know the Name of the Hotoke Who is their father as well as ours; Granted, that there are some who do not know the Divine Name as yet; can we believe that He will ever forsake them, and not wait for His opportunity to give them His Saving Invitation? Nay more, do we not hope that, after we have reached that City, Our Father will give us His permission to go ourselves to

seek our friends and bring them home, so that ere long we may all be gathered around His Knees. Therefore we wipe away our tears and leave the world quietly and peacefully; for what we see before us is the light of Universal Salvation.

But let us turn to the other side of the subject. There is a Buddha who is both our father and theirs, too. Some of them even do not know His Name, yet it is not possible for him to forsake them. He must call them in due time. After we have reached the Royal City, we will come back to guide them to it, if our Father allows us to do so. Thus, you see, this parting is not an eternal parting; for it is arranged that we should all be gathered in the bosom of our Father. Therefore we calmly start from this temporary residence of the world, shaking our tears off. At the bottom of these our tears of sorrow there shines the light of a noble onward hope. The children of the kindergarten sing as follows:—

“ Sparrow! Sparrow! Once more to-day,
All alone along the dark way
To the bamboo wood in your distant hill,
Are you going back,—to your lonely cot?”

“ No! No! Lonely it is not,
Father and Mother are waiting me, there,
'Tis Home, Sweet Home, to which I repair.

3. We, children of the Tathāgata, are like the sparrows in this poem. On the road of death, where other men see nothing but darkness and fear, we see light and pleasure before us, and march boldly on. How can we render thanks for these so great mercies? We can only do it by the continual repetition with thankful hearts of the Holy Name to which we ascribe all glory.

4. “ When living creatures betake themselves to religious practices, and continually invoke Buddha with their lips, the Buddha will deign to hear; when they worship Him continually with their bodies, the Buddha will deign to behold; when they think of Him constantly with their hearts, He will deign to know; when they meditate on Him constantly in their inmost

souls He will deign to meditate on them." By means of the Sacred Name we can ever dwell with Tathāgata, who ever dwells with us. Hence comes strength, hence joy bubbles up. The Sacred Name is, in truth, the warsong of the Tathāgata's Soldiers. Sakyamuni once raised this song, and since that time, for ages and generations, thousands upon thousands of fellow-pilgrims have joined their voices to His. And shall we not join ourselves to them? In that case, we shall utter The Holy and Reverend Name in the midst of this world of evil-speaking, slander, hatred, and all unkindness, and spread Amida's glory from one end of the world to another.

5. Glory be to the Buddha of Boundless Life and Light!

With these words I humbly bring my discourse to a close, and pray that His Divine Light may always shine over and upon all those who hold the same faith, and worship the same Being.

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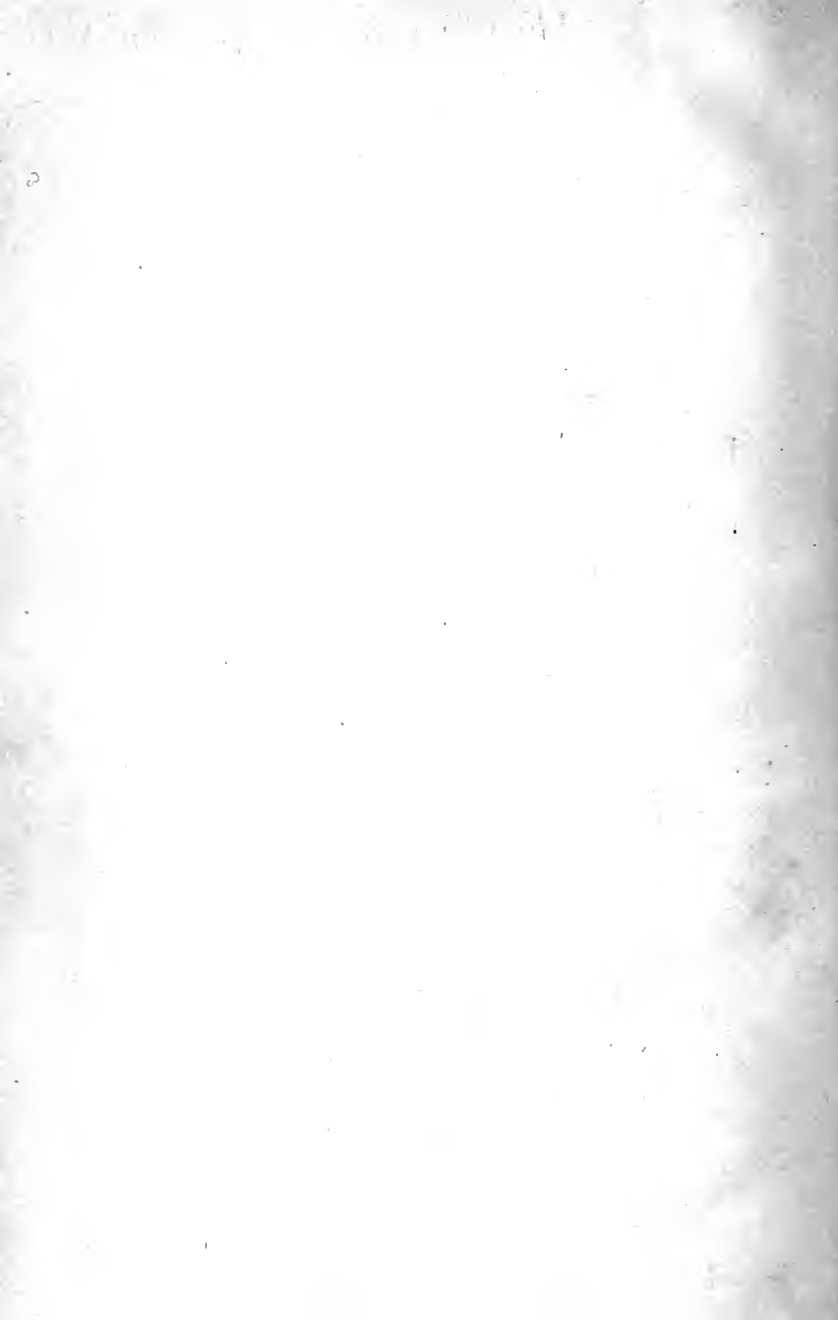
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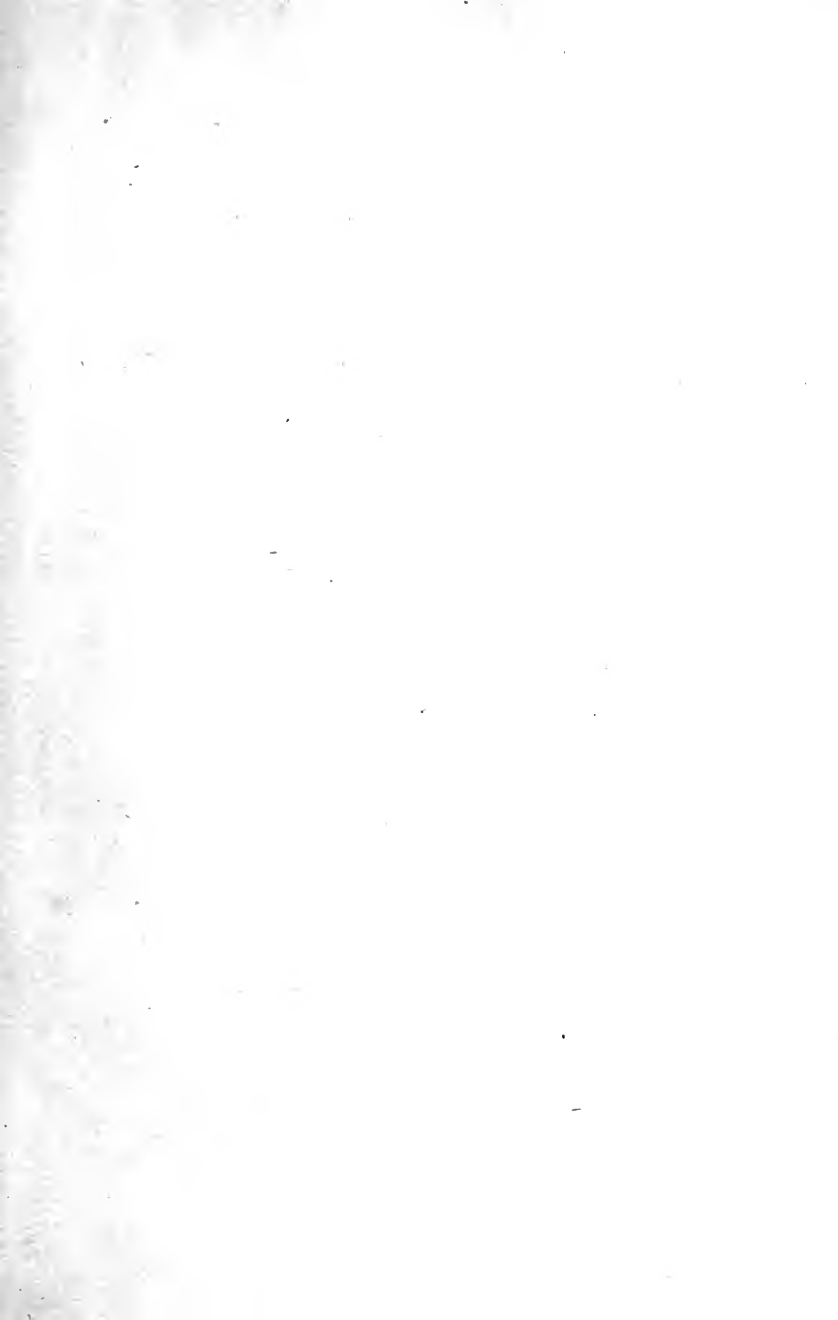
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